GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

Serfojee Rajah 1829

GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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1815.

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CHAPTER I.

Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? The country's laid around for
thee—

Women Pleased.

OUR narrative now recalls us for a moment to the period when young Hazlewood received his wound. That accident had no sooner happened, than the consequences to Miss Mannering and to himself rushed upon Brown's mind. From the manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off, he

had no great fear that the consequences would be fatal. But an arrest in a strange country, and while he was unprovided with any means of establishing his rank and character, was at least to be avoided. He therefore resolved to escape for the present to the neighbouring coast of England, and to remain concealed there if possible, until he should receive letters from his regimental friends, and remittances from his agent; and then to resume his own character, and offer to young Hazlewood and his friends any explanation or satisfaction they might desire. With this purpose he walked stoutly forward, after leaving the spot where the accident had happened, and reached without adventure the village which we have called Portanferry, (but which the reader will in vain seek for under that name in the county map.) A large open boat was just about to leave the quay, bound for the little seaport of Allonby, in Cumberland. In this vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to

make that place his temporary abode, until he should receive [illegible] and money from England.

In the course of their short voyage he entered into some conversation with the steersman, who was also owner of the boat, a jolly old man, who had occasionally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like most fishers on the coast. After talking about objects of less interest, Brown endeavoured to turn the discourse toward the Mannering family. The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Woodbourne, but disapproved of the smugglers' proceedings.

" Hands off is fair play ; zounds, they'll bring the whole country down upon them —na, na ! when I was in that way I played at giff-gaff with the officers—here a cargo ta'en—vera weel, that was their luck ;— there another carried clean through, that was mine—na, na ! hawks should na pike out hawks' e'en."

"And this Colonel Mannering?"

"Troth, he's nae wise man neither to interfere—no t[illegible]me him for saving the gaugers' lives—that was very right; but it was na like a gentleman to be fighting about the poor folk's pocks o' tea and brandy kegs—however, he's a grand man and an officer man, and they do what they like wi' the like o' us."

"And his daughter," said Brown, with a throbbing heart, "is going to be married into a great family too, as I have heard?"

"What, into the Hazlewoods'? na, na, that's but idle clashes—every sabbath day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride hame wi' the daughter of the late Ellangowan—and my daughter Peggy's in the service up at Woodbourne, and she says she's sure young Hazlewood thinks nae mair of Miss Mannering than ye do."

Bitterly censuring his own precipitate adoption of a contrary belief, Brown yet

heard with delight that the suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon which he had so rashly acted, were probab[illegible] of foundation. How must he in the meantime be suffering in her opinion? or what could she suppose of conduct, which must have made him appear to her regardless alike of her peace of mind, and of the interests of their affection! The old man's connection with the family at Woodbourne seemed to offer a safe mode of communication, of which he determined to avail himself.

"Your daughter is a maid-servant at Woodbourne?—I knew Miss Mannering in India, and though I am at present in an inferior rank of life, I have great reason to hope she would interest herself in my favour. I had a quarrel unfortunately with her father, who was my commanding officer, and I am sure the young lady would endeavour to reconcile him to me. Perhaps your daughter could deliver a letter to her upon the subject, without making mischief between her father and her?"

The old man readily answered for the letter being faithfully and secretly delivered; and, accordingly, so soon as they arrived at Allonby, Brown wrote to Miss Mannering, stating the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, and conjuring her to let him have an opportunity of pleading his own cause, and obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion. He did not judge it safe to go into any detail concerning the circumstances by which he had been misled, and upon the whole endeavoured to express himself with such ambiguity, that, if the letter should fall into wrong hands, it would be difficult either to understand its real purport, or to trace the writer. This letter the old man undertook faithfully to deliver to his daughter at Woodbourne; and, as his trade would speedily again bring him or his boat to Allonby, he promised farther to take charge of any answer with which the young lady might entrust him.

And now our persecuted traveller landed at Allonby, and sought for such accommodations as might at once suit his temporary poverty, and his desire of remaining as much unobserved as possible. With this view he assumed the name and profession of his friend Dudley, having command enough of the pencil to verify his pretended character to his host of Allonby. His baggage he pretended to expect from Wigton; and, keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delaserre, and to his Lieutenant-Colonel. From the first he requested a supply of money; he conjured Delaserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland; and from the Lieutenant-Colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment, as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run short in his finances struck him so strongly, that he wrote to

Dinmont upon that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy miles of his residence, he would receive a speedy as well as favourable answer to his request of pecuniary accommodation, which was owing, as he stated, to his having been robbed after their parting. And then, with impatience enough, though without any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

It must be observed, in excuse of his correspondents, that the post was then much more tardy than since Mr Palmer's ingenious invention has taken place; and with respect to honest Dinmont in particular, as he rarely received above one letter a quarter, (unless during the time of his being engaged in a law-suit, when he regularly sent to the post-town,) his correspondence usually remained for a month or two sticking in the postmaster's window, among pamphlets, gingerbread, rolls, or ballads, according to the trade

which the said postmaster exercised. Besides, there was then a custom, not yet wholly obsolete, of causing a letter, from one town to another, perhaps within the distance of thirty miles, perform a circuit of two hundred miles before delivery; which had the combined advantage of airing the epistle thoroughly, of adding some pence to the revenue of the post-office, and of exercising the patience of the correspondents. Owing to these circumstances, Brown remained several days in Allonby without answer, and his stock of money, though husbanded with the utmost economy, began to wear very low, when he received by the hands of a young fisherman the following letter:

"You have acted with the most cruel indiscretion; you have shewn how little I can trust to your declarations that my peace and happiness are dear to you; and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a young man of the highest worth and honour. Must I say more?—

must I add, that I have been myself very ill in consequence of your violence, and its effects? and, alas! need I say still farther, that I have thought anxiously upon them as they are likely to affect you, although you have given me such slight cause to do so? The C. is gone from home for several days; Mr H. is almost quite recovered; and I have reason to think that the blame is laid in a quarter different from that where it is deserved. Yet do not think of venturing here. Our fate has been crossed by accidents of a nature too violent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most dreadful catastrophe. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than

"J. M."

This letter contained that species of advice, which is frequently given for the precise purpose that it may lead to a directly

opposite conduct from that which it recommends. At least so thought Brown, who immediately asked the young fisherman if he came from Pontanferry.

"Aye; I am auld Willie Johnstone's son, and I got that letter frae my sister Peggy, that's laundry-maid at Woodbourne."

"My good friend, when do you sail?"

"With the tide this evening."

"I'll return with you; but as I do not desire to go to Portanferry, I wish you could put me on shore somewhere on the coast."

"We can easily do that," said the lad.

Although the price of provisions, &c. was then very moderate, the discharging his lodgings, and the expences of his living, together with that of a change of dress, which safety as well as decency rendered necessary, brought Brown's purse to a very low ebb. He left directions at the post-office that his letters should be forwarded to Kippletringan, whither he resolved to proceed and reclaim the trea-

sure which he had deposited in the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish. He also felt it would be his duty to assume his proper character so soon as he received the necessary evidence for supporting it, and, as an officer in the king's service, give and receive every explanation which might be necessary with young Hazlewood. "If he is not very wrong-headed indeed," he thought, "he must allow the manner in which I acted to have been the necessary consequence of his own over-bearing conduct."

And now we must suppose him once more embarked on the Solway frith. The wind was adverse, attended by some rain, and they struggled against it without much assistance from the tide. The boat was heavily laden with goods, (part of which were probably contraband) and laboured deep in the sea. Brown, who had been bred a sailor, and was indeed skilled in most athletic exercises, gave his powerful and effectual assistance in rowing, or

occasionally in steering the boat, and his advice in the management, which became the more delicate as the wind increased, and, being opposed to the very rapid tides of that coast, made the voyage perilous. At length, after spending the whole night upon the frith, they were at morning within sight of a beautiful bay upon the Scottish coast. The weather was now more mild. The snow, which had been for some time waning, had given way entirely under the fresh gale of the preceding night. The more distant hills, indeed, retained their snowy mantle, but all the open country was cleared, unless where a few white patches indicated that it had been drifted to an uncommon depth. Even under its wintry appearance, the shore was highly interesting. The line of sea-coast, with all its varied curves, indentures, and embayments, swept away from the sight on either hand, in that varied, intricate, yet graceful and easy line, which the eye loves so well to pursue. And it was no less relieved and varied in elevation than

in outline, by the different forms of the shore; the beach in some places being edged by steep rocks, and in others rising smoothly from the sands in easy and swelling slopes. Buildings of different kinds caught and reflected the wintry sun-beams of a December morning, and the woods, though now leafless, gave relief and variety to the landscape. Brown felt that lively and awakening interest which taste and sensibility always derive from the beauties of nature, when opening suddenly to the eye, after the dulness and gloom of a night voyage. Perhaps,—for who can presume to analyse that inexplicable feeling which binds the person born in a mountainous country to his native hills,—perhaps some early associations, retaining their effect long after the cause was forgotten, mingled in the feelings of pleasure with which he regarded the scene before him.

"And what," said Brown to the boatman, "is the name of that fine cape, that stretches into the sea with its sloping banks

and hillocks of wood, and forms the right side of the bay?"

"Warroch Point," said the lad.

"And that old castle, my friend, with the modern house situated just beneath it? It seems at this distance a very large building."

"That's the Auld Place, sir; and that's the New Place below it. We'll land you there if you like."

"I should like it of all things. I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey."

"Aye, it's a queer auld bit; and that highest tower is a gude land-mark as far as Ramsay in Man, and the Point of Ayr—there was muckle fighting about it lang syne."

Brown would have enquired into farther particulars, but a fisherman is seldom an antiquary. His boatman's local knowledge was summed up in the information already given, "that it was a grand landmark, and that there had been muckle fighting about the bit lang syne."

"I shall learn more of it," thought Brown, "when I get ashore."

The boat continued its course close under the Point upon which the castle was situated, which frowned from the summit of its rocky scite upon the still agitated waves of the bay beneath. "I believe," said the steersman, "ye'll get ashore here as dry as ony gate. There's a place where their berlins and gallies, as they ca'd them, used to lie in lang syne, but it's no used now, because it's ill carrying gudes up the narrow stairs, or ower the rocks. Whiles of a moonlight night I have landed articles there though."

While he thus spoke, they pulled round a point of rock, and found a very small harbour, partly formed by nature, partly by the indefatigable labour of the ancient inhabitants of the castle, who, as the fisherman observed, had found it essential for the protection of their boats and small craft, though it could not receive vessels of any burthen. The two points of rock which

formed the entrance, approached each other so nearly, that only one boat could enter at a time. On each side were still remaining two immense iron rings, deeply morticed into the solid rock. Through these, according to tradition, there was nightly drawn a huge chain, secured by an immense padlock, for the protection of the haven and the armada which it contained. A ledge of rock had, by the assistance of the chisel and pick-axe, been formed into a sort of quay. The rock was of extremely hard consistence, and the task so difficult, that, according to the fisherman, a labourer who wrought at the work might in the evening have carried home in his bonnet all the shivers which he had struck from the mass in the course of the day. This little quay communicated with a rude stair-case, already repeatedly mentioned, which descended from the old castle. There was also a communication between the beach and the quay by scrambling over the rocks.

"Ye had better land here," said the lad, "for the surf's running high at the Shellicoat-stane, and there will no be a dry thread amang us or we get the cargo out.—Na! na! (in answer to an offer of money) ye have wrought for your passage, and wrought far better than ony o' us. Gude day to you: I wuss ye weel." So saying, he pushed off in order to land his cargo on the opposite side of the bay; and Brown, with a small bundle in his hand, containing the trifling stock of necessaries which he had been obliged to purchase at Allonby, was left on the rocks beneath the ruin.

And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances, which, if not destitute, were for the present highly embarrassing; without the countenance of a friend within the circle of several hundred miles; accused of a heavy crime, and, what was as bad as all the rest, being nearly pennyless, did the harassed wanderer for the first time, after

the interval of so many years, approach the remains of the castle, where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.

CHAPTER II.

——— Yes, ye moss-green walls,
Ye towers defenceless, I revisit ye
Shame-stricken! Where are all your trophies now?
Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,
That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage
Of neighbouring Barons?——

Mysterious Mother.

ENTERING the castle of Ellangowan by a postern door-way, which shewed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealous care, Brown, (whom, since he has set foot upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram) wandered from one ruined apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive mag-

nificence of others, and the great extent of the whole. In two of these rooms, close beside each other, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-gnawed bones, and dried fragments of bread. In the vault which adjoined, and which was defended by a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw, and in both were the reliques of recent fires. How little was it possible for Bertram to conceive, that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents affecting his prosperity, his honour, perhaps his life!

After satisfying his curiosity by a hasty glance through the interior of the castle, Bertram now advanced through the great gate-way which opened to the land, and paused to look upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavoured to guess the position of Woodbourne, and having nearly ascertained that of Kippletringan, he turned to

take a parting look at the stately ruins which he had just traversed. He admired the massive and picturesque effect of the huge round towers, which, flanking the gate-way, gave a double portion of depth and majesty to the high yet gloomy arch under which it opened. The carved stone escutcheon of the ancient family, bearing for their arms three wolves' heads, was hung diagonally beneath the helmet and crest, the latter being a wolf couchant pierced with an arrow. On either side stood as supporters, in full human size or larger, a salvage man *proper*, to use the language of heraldry, *wreathed and cinctured*, and holding in his hand an oak tree *eradicated*, that is, torn up by the roots.

" And the powerful barons who owned this blazonry," thought Bertram, pursuing the usual train of ideas which flows upon the mind at such scenes, " does their posterity continue to possess the lands which they had laboured to fortify so strongly? or are they wanderers, igno-

rant perhaps even of the fame or power of their forefathers, while their hereditary possessions are held by a race of strangers? Why is it," he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted—"Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation

which has not yet taken place! It is even so with me while I gaze upon that ruin; nor can I divest myself of the idea, that these massive towers and that dark gateway, retiring through its deep-vaulted and ribbed arches, and dimly lighted by the court-yard beyond, is not entirely strange to me. Can it be that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am to seek in their vicinity those friends of whom my childhood has still a tender though faint remembrance, and whom I early exchanged for such severe task-masters? Yet Brown, who I think would not have deceived me, always told me I was brought off from the eastern coast, after a skirmish in which my father was killed; and I do remember enough of a horrid scene of violence to strengthen his account."

It happened that the spot upon which young Bertram chanced to station himself for the better viewing the castle, was

nearly the same on which his father had died. It was marked by a large old oak tree, the only one on the esplanade, and which, having been used for executions by the barons of Ellangowan, was called the Justice-Tree. It chanced, and the coincidence was remarkable, that Glossin was this morning engaged with a person, whom he was in the habit of consulting in such matters, concerning some projected repairs, and a large addition to the house of Ellangowan, and that, having no great pleasure in remains so intimately connected with the grandeur of the former inhabitants, he had resolved to use the stones of the ruinous castle in his new edifice. Accordingly he came up the bank, followed by the land-surveyor mentioned upon a former occasion, who was also in the habit of acting as a sort of architect in case of necessity. In drawing the plans, &c. Glossin was in the custom of relying upon his own skill. Bertram's back was towards them as they came up

the ascent, and he was quite shrouded by the branches of the large tree, so that Glossin was not aware of the presence of the stranger till he was close upon him.

"Yes, sir, as I have often said before to you, the Old Place is a perfect quarry of hewn stone, and it would be better for the estate if it were all down, since it is only a den for smugglers." At this instant Bertram turned short round upon Glossin at the distance of two yards only —"Would you destroy the castle, sir?" —His face, person, and voice, were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin, hearing his exclamation, and seeing such a sudden apparition in the shape of his patron, and on nearly the very spot where he had expired, almost thought the grave had given up its dead! —He staggered back two or three paces, as if he had received a sudden and deadly wound. He instantly recovered however his presence of mind, stimulated by the

thrilling reflection that it was no inhabitant of the other world which stood before him, but an injured man, whom the slightest want of dexterity on his part might lead to acquaintance with his rights, and the means of asserting them to his utter destruction. Yet his ideas were so much confused by the shock he had received, that his first question partook of the alarm.

"In the name of God, how came you here!"

"Here, sir? I landed a quarter of an hour since in the little harbour beneath the castle, and was employing a moment's leisure in viewing these fine ruins; I trust there is no intrusion?"

"Intrusion, sir?—no, sir," said Glossin, in some degree recovering his breath, and then whispered a few words into his companion's ear, who immediately left him and descended towards the house. "Intrusion, sir?—no, sir,—you or any gentle-

man are welcome to satisfy your curiosity."

"I thank you, sir. They call this the Old Place, I am informed?"

"Yes, sir; in distinction to the New Place, my house there below."

Glossin, it must be remarked, was, during the following dialogue, on the one hand eager to learn what local recollections young Bertram had retained of the scenes of his infancy, and, on the other, compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should awaken or assist by some name, phrase, or anecdote, the slumbering train of association. He suffered, indeed, during the whole scene, the agonies which he so richly deserved; yet his pride and interest, like the fortitude of a North American Indian, manned him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending stings of a guilty conscience, of hatred, of fear, and of suspicion.

"I wish to ask the name, sir, of the family to whom this stately ruin belongs?"

"It is my property, sir; my name is Glossin."

"Glossin—Glossin?" repeated Brown, as if the answer were somewhat different from what he expected, "I beg your pardon, Mr Glossin; I am apt to be very absent.—May I ask if the castle has been long in your family?"

"It was built, I believe, long ago, by a family called Mac-Dingawaie," answered Glossin, suppressing for obvious reasons the more familiar sound of Bertram, which might have awakened the recollections which he was anxious to lull to rest, and slurring with an evasive answer the question concerning the endurance of his own possession.

"And how do you read the half-defaced motto, sir, which is upon that scroll above the entablature with the arms?"

"I—I—I really do not exactly know," replied Glossin.

"I should be apt to read it, *Our Right makes our Might*."

"I believe it is something of that kind."

"May I ask, sir, if it is your family motto?"

"N—n—no—no—not ours. That is, I believe, the motto of the former people—mine is—mine is—in fact I have had some correspondence with Mr Cumming of the Lion-office in Edinburgh, about mine. He writes me the Glossins anciently bore for a motto, 'He who takes it makes it."

"If there be any uncertainty, sir, and the case were mine, I would assume the old motto, which seems to me the better of the two."

Glossin, whose tongue by this time clove to the roof of his mouth, only answered by a nod.

"It is odd enough," said Bertram, fixing his eye upon the arms and gate-way, and partly addressing Glossin, partly as it were thinking aloud—"it is odd the tricks

which our memory plays us; the remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, of some kind or other, return to my recollection upon hearing that motto—stay—it is a strange jingle of sounds:

> "The dark shall be light,
> And the wrong made right,
> When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Shall meet on——

"I cannot remember the last line—on some particular height—*height* is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word."

"Confound your memory," thought Glossin, "you remember by far too much of it."

"There are other rhymes connected with these early recollections: Pray, sir, is there any song current in this part of the world respecting a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man eloping with a Scottish knight?"

"I am the worst person in the world to consult upon legendary antiquities," answered Glossin.

"I could sing such a ballad," said Bertram, "from one end to another when I was a boy. You must know I left Scotland, which is my native country, very young, and those who brought me up discouraged all my attempts to preserve recollection of my native land, on account, I believe, of a boyish wish which I had to escape from their charge."

"Very natural," said Glossin, but speaking as if his utmost efforts were unable to unseal his lips beyond the width of a quarter of an inch, so that his whole utterance was a kind of compressed muttering, very different from the round bold bullying voice with which he usually spoke. Indeed his appearance and demeanour during all this conversation seemed to diminish even his strength and stature, so that he withered as it were into the shadow of

himself, now advancing one foot, now the other, now stooping and wriggling his shoulders, now fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat, now clasping his hands together,—in short, he was the picture of a mean-spirited shuffling rascal in the very agonies of detection. To these appearances Bertram was totally inattentive, being dragged on as it were by the current of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glossin, he was not so much thinking of him, as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection. "Yes," he said, "I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English, and when I could get into a corner by myself, I used to sing all that song over from beginning to end—I have forgot it all now—but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory."

He took his flageolet from his pocket,

and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who at a fine spring about half way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song:

> "Are these the links of Forth, she said,
> Or are they the crooks of Dee,
> Or the bonnie woods of Warroch-head
> That I so fain would see?"

"By heaven," said Bertram, "it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl."

"Confusion!" thought Glossin, "if I cannot put a stop to this, all will be out. O the devil take all ballads and ballad-makers, and ballad-singers; and that d—d jade too, to set up her pipe!—You will have time enough for this upon some other occasion," he said aloud; "at present"—(for now he saw his emissary with two or

three men coming up the bank,) "at present we must have some more serious conversation together."

"How do you mean, sir?" said Bertram, turning short upon him, and not liking the tone which he made use of.

"Why, sir, as to that—I believe your name is Brown?"

"And what of that, sir?"

Glossin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached; they were coming fast on. "Vanbeest Brown? if I mistake not."

"And what of that, sir?" said Bertram, with increasing astonishment and displeasure.

"Why, in that case," said Glossin, observing his friends had now got upon the level space close beside them—"in that case you are my prisoner in the king's name!"—At the same time he stretched his hand towards Bertram's collar, while two of the men who had come up seized upon

his arms; he shook himself, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pertinacious down the bank, and, drawing his cutlass, stood on the defensive, while those who had felt his strength recoiled from his presence, and gazed at a safe distance. "Observe," he called out at the same time, "that I have no purpose to resist legal authority; satisfy me that you have a magistrate's warrant, and are authorised to make this arrest, and I will obey it quietly; but let no man who loves his life venture to approach me, till I am satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended."

Glossin then caused one of the officers shew a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazlewood, younger of Hazlewood, with an intent to kill, and also of other crimes and misdemeanours, and which appointed

him, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being formal, and the fact such as he could not deny, Bertram threw down his weapon, and submitted himself to the officers, who, flying on him with eagerness corresponding to their former pusillanimity, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and activity which he had displayed, as a justification of this severity. But Glossin was ashamed or afraid to permit this unnecessary insult, and directed the prisoner to be treated with all the decency, and even respect, that was consistent with safety. Afraid, however, to introduce him into his own house, where still further subjects of recollection might have been suggested, and anxious at the same time to cover his own proceedings by the sanction of another's authority, he ordered his carriage (for he had lately set up a carriage) to be got ready, and in the meantime directed

refreshments to be given to the prisoner and the officers, who occupied one of the rooms in the old castle, until the means of conveyance should be provided.

CHAPTER III.

——Bring in the evidence——
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side—you are of the commission,
Sit you too.

King Lear.

While the carriage was getting ready, Glossin had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbour, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the country, which had in the decadence of the Ellangowan family gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, dotingly

fond of his own family, which was limited to an only son and daughter, and stoically indifferent to the fate of all mankind besides. For the rest, he was honourable in his general dealings, because he was afraid to suffer the censure of the world, and just from a better motive. He was presumptuously over-conceited on the score of family pride and importance, a feeling considerably enhanced by his late succession to the title of a Nova Scotia Baronet; and he hated the memory of the Ellangowan family, though now a memory only, because a certain baron of that house was traditionally reported to have caused the founder of the Hazlewood family hold his stirrup until he mounted into his saddle. In his general deportment he was pompous and important, affecting a species of florid elocution, which often became ridiculous from his misarranging the triads and quaternions with which he loaded his sentences.

To this personage Glossin was now to

write in such a conciliatory style as might be most acceptable to his vanity and family pride, and the following was the form of his card.

"Mr Gilbert Glossin" (he longed to add of Ellangowan, but prudence prevailed, and he suppressed that territorial designation) "Mr Gilbert Glossin has the honour to offer his most respectful compliments to Sir Robert Hazlewood, and to inform him, that he has this morning been fortunate enough to secure the person who wounded Mr C. Hazlewood. As Sir Robert Hazlewood may probably chuse to conduct the examination of this criminal himself, Mr G. Glossin will cause the man to be carried to the inn at Kippletringan, or to Hazlewood-house, as Sir Robert Hazlewood may be pleased to direct: And, with Sir Robert Hazlewood's permission, Mr G. Glossin will attend him at either of these places with the proofs and declarations which he has been so fortunate as

to collect respecting this atrocious business."

Addressed,

"SIR ROBERT HAZLEWOOD of Hazle-
"wood, Bart. Hazlewood-House,
"&c. &c.

ELL^{n}. G^{n}.
Tuesday.

This card he dispatched by a servant on horseback, and, having given the man some time to get a-head, and desired him to ride fast, he ordered two officers of justice to get into the carriage with Bertram, and he himself, mounting his horse, accompanied them at a slow pace to the point where the roads to Kippletringan and Hazlewood-house separated, and there awaited the return of his messenger, in order that his farther route might be determined by the answer he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour his servant returned with the following answer, handsomely folded, and sealed with the Hazlewood arms, and having the

Nova Scotia badge depending from the shield.

"Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, returns Mr G. Glossin's compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in a matter affecting the safety of Sir Robert's family. Sir R. H. requests Mr G. G. will have the goodness to bring the prisoner to Hazlewood-house for examination, with the other proofs or declarations which he mentions. And after the business is over, in case Mr G. G. is not otherwise engaged, Sir R. and Lady Hazlewood request his company to dinner."

Addressed,

"MR GILBERT GLOSSIN, &c.

"HAZLEWOOD-HOUSE,
Tuesday."

"Soh!" thought Mr Glossin, "here is one finger in at least, and that I will make the means of introducing my whole hand. But I must first get clear of this wretched

young fellow.—I think I can manage Sir Robert. He is dull and pompous, and will be alike disposed to listen to my suggestions upon the law of the case, and to assume the credit of acting upon them as his own proper motion. So I shall have the advantage of being the real magistrate, without the odium of responsibility."

As he cherished these hopes and expectations, the carriage approached Hazlewood-house, through a noble avenue of old oaks, which shrouded the ancient abbey-resembling building so called. It was a large edifice built at different periods, part having actually been a priory, upon the suppression of which, in the time of Queen Mary, the first of the family had obtained a gift of the house and surrounding lands from the crown. It was pleasantly situated in a large deer-park, on the banks of the river we have before mentioned. The scenery around was of a dark, solemn, and somewhat melancholy cast, according well with the architecture

of the house. Every thing appeared to be kept in the highest possible order, and announced the opulence and rank of the proprietor.

As Mr Glossin's carriage stopped at the door of the hall, Sir Robert reconnoitred the new vehicle from the windows. According to his aristocratic feelings, there was a degree of presumption in this *novus homo*, this Mr G. Glossin, late writer in ——, presuming to set up such an accommodation at all; but his wrath was mitigated when he observed that the mantle upon the pannels only bore a plain cypher of G. G. This apparent modesty was indeed solely owing to the delay of Mr Cumming of the Lion Office, who, being at that time engaged in discovering and matriculating the arms of two commissaries from North America, three English-Irish peers, and two great Jamaica traders, had been more slow than usual in finding an escutcheon for the new Laird of Ellangowan. But his

delay told to the advantage of Glossin in the opinion of the proud Baronet.

While the officers of justice detained their prisoner in a sort of steward's room, Mr Glossin was ushered into what was called the great oak-parlour, a long room pannelled with well-varnished wainscot, and adorned with the grim portraits of Sir Robert Hazlewood's ancestry. The visitor, who had no internal consciousness of worth to balance that of meanness of birth, felt his inferiority, and, by the depth of his bow and the obsequiousness of his demeanour, showed that the Laird of Ellangowan was sunk for the time in the old and submissive habits of the quondam retainer of the law. He would have persuaded himself, indeed, that he was only humouring the pride of the old Baronet, for the purpose of turning them to his own advantage; but his feelings were of a mingled nature, and he felt the influence of those very prejudices which he pretended to

flatter. The Baronet received him with that condescending parade which was meant at once to assert his own vast superiority, and to shew the generosity and courtesy with which he could waive it, and descend to the level of ordinary conversation with ordinary men. He thanked Glossin for his attention to a matter in which "young Hazlewood" was so intimately concerned, and, pointing to his family pictures, observed, with a gracious smile, "Indeed these venerable gentlemen, Mr Glossin, are as much obliged as I am in this case, for the labour, pains, care, and trouble which you have taken in their behalf; and I have no doubt, were they capable of expressing themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for the favour you have conferred upon the house of Hazlewood by taking care and trouble, sir, and interest, in behalf of the young gentleman who is to continue their name and family."

Thrice bowed Glossin, and each time

more profoundly than before; once in honour of the knight who stood upright before him, once in respect to the quiet personages who patiently hung upon the wainscot, and a third time in deference to the young gentleman who was to carry on their name and family. *Roturier* as he was, Sir Robert was gratified by the homage which he rendered, and proceeded in a tone of gracious familiarity: "And now, Mr Glossin, my exceeding good friend, you must allow me to avail myself of your knowledge of law in our proceedings in this matter. I am not much in the habit of acting as a justice of the peace; it suits better with other gentlemen, whose domestic and family affairs require less constant superintendance, attention, and management than mine."

Of course, whatever small assistance Mr Glossin could render was entirely at Sir Robert Hazlewood's service; but, as Sir Robert Hazlewood's name stood high in

the list of the faculty, the said Mr Glossin could not presume to hope it could be either necessary or useful.

"Why, my good sir, you will understand me to mean the practical knowledge of the ordinary details of justice-business. I was indeed educated to the bar, and might boast perhaps at one time, that I had made some progress in the speculative, and abstract, and abstruse doctrines of our municipal code; but there is in the present day so little opportunity of a man of family and fortune rising to that eminence at the bar, which is attained by adventurers who are as willing to plead for John a Nokes as for the first noble of the land, that I was really early disgusted with practice. The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table, quite sickened me; it respected a bargain, sir, of tallow, between a butcher and a candle-maker; and I found it was expected that I should grease my mouth, not only with their vulgar names, but with

all the technical terms, and phrases, and peculiar language, of their dirty arts. Upon my honour, my good sir, I have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-candle since."

Pitying, as seemed to be expected, the mean use to which the Baronet's faculties had been degraded on this melancholy occasion, Mr Glossin offered to officiate as clerk or assessor, or any way in which he could be most useful. "And with a view to possessing you of the whole business, and in the first place, there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving the main fact, that this was the person who fired the unhappy piece. Should he deny it, it can be proved by Mr Hazlewood, I presume?"

"Young Hazlewood is not at home to-day, Mr Glossin."

"But we can have the oath of the servant who attended him; indeed I hardly think the fact will be disputed. I am more apprehensive, that, from the too favourable

and indulgent manner in which I have understood that Mr Hazlewood has been pleased to represent the business, the assault may be considered as accidental, and the injury as unintentional, so that the fellow may be immediately set at liberty, to do more mischief."

"I have not the honour to know the gentleman who now holds the office of king's advocate," replied Sir Robert, gravely; "but I presume, sir—nay, I am confident, that he will consider the mere fact of having wounded young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, even by inadvertency, to take the matter in its mildest and gentlest, and in its most favourable and improbable light, as a crime which will be too easily atoned by imprisonment, and as more deserving of deportation."

"Indeed, Sir Robert," said his assenting brother in justice, "I am entirely of your opinion; but, I don't know how it is, I have observed the Edinburgh gentlemen of the bar, and even the officers of

the crown, pique themselves upon an indifferent administration of justice, without respect to rank and family; and I should fear"——

"How, sir, without respect to rank and family?—Will you tell me *that* doctrine can be held by men of birth and legal education?—No, sir; if a trifle stolen in the street is termed mere pickery, but is elevated into sacrilege if the crime be committed in a church, so, according to the just gradations of society, the guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the person to whom it is offered, done, or committed, sir." Glossin bowed low to this declaration *ex cathedra*, but observed, that in case of the very worst, and of such unnatural doctrines being actually held as he had already hinted, "the law had another hold on Mr Vanbeest Brown."

"Vanbeest Brown? is that the fellow's name! Good God! that young Hazlewood of Hazlewood should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of his right

shoulder considerably lacerated and dislodged, several large drops or slugs deposited in the acromion process, as the account of the family surgeon expressly bears, and all by an obscure wretch named Vanbeest Brown!"

"Why, really, Sir Robert, it is a thing which one can hardly bear to think of; but, begging ten thousand pardons for resuming what I was about to say, a person of the same name is, as appears from these papers (producing Dirk Hatteraick's pocket-book,) mate to the smuggling vessel whose crew offered such violence at Woodbourne, and I have no doubt that this is the same individual; which, however, your acute discrimination will easily be able to ascertain."

"The same, my good sir, he must assuredly be—it would be injustice even to the meanest of the people to suppose there could be found among them *two* persons doomed to bear a name so shocking to one's ears as this of Vanbeest Brown."

"True, Sir Robert; most unquestionably; there cannot be a shadow of doubt of it—But you see farther, that this circumstance accounts for the man's desperate conduct. You, Sir Robert, will discover the motive for his crime—you, I say, will discover it without difficulty, on your giving your mind to the examination; for my part, I cannot help suspecting the moving spring to have been revenge for the gallantry with which Mr Hazlewood, with all the spirit of his renowned forefathers, defended the house at Woodbourne against this villain and his lawless companions."

"I will enquire into it, my good sir. Yet even now I venture to conjecture that I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this riddle, enigma, or mystery, which you have in some degree thus started. Yes! revenge it must be—and, good Heaven! entertained by and against whom? —entertained, fostered, cherished, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and in

part carried into effect, executed, and implemented by the hand of Vanbeest Brown! These are dreadful days indeed, my worthy neighbour (this epithet indicated a rapid advance in the Baronet's good graces) —days when the bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base, and that rank which forms, as it were, its highest grace and ornament, is mingled and confused with the viler parts of the architecture. O, my good Mr Gilbert Glossin, in my time, sir, the use of swords and pistols, and such honourable arms, was reserved by the nobility and gentry to themselves, and the disputes of the vulgar were decided by the weapons which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut, broken, or hewed out of the next wood. But now, sir, the clouted shoe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier. The lower ranks have their quarrels, sir, and their points of honour and their revenges, which they must bring forsooth to fatal arbitrement. But well, well! it will last my time—let me have

in this fellow, this Vanbeest Brown, and make an end of him at least for the present."

CHAPTER IV.

——— 'Twas he
Gave heat into the injury, which returned
Like a petard ill lighted into the bosom
Of him gave fire to't. Yet I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover.

Fair Maid of the Inn.

The prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Glossin, partly from some compunctious visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlewood to be the ostensible manager of the whole examination, looked down upon the table, and busied himself with reading and arranging the papers respecting the business, only now and then throwing in a skilful catchword as prompter, when he saw the principal and apparently most active magis-

strate stand in need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlewood, he assumed on his part a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice, combined with the display of personal dignity appertaining to the baronet of ancient family.

"There, constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table.—Be so good as look me in the face, sir, and raise your voice as you answer the questions which I am going to put to you."

"May I beg, in the first place, to know, sir, who it is that takes the trouble to interrogate me? for the honest gentlemen who have brought me here have not been pleased to furnish any information upon that point."

"And pray, sir, what has my name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you?"

"Nothing perhaps, sir; but it may considerably influence my disposition to answer them."

"Why, then, sir, you will please to be

informed, that you are in presence of Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another justice of peace for this county—that's all."

As this intimation produced a less stunning effect upon the prisoner than he had anticipated, Sir Robert proceeded in his investigation with an increasing dislike to the object of it.

"Is your name Vanbeest Brown, sir?"

"It is."

"So far well;—and how are we to design you farther, sir?"

"Captain in his majesty's —— regiment of horse."

The Baronet's ears received this intimation with astonishment; but he was refreshed in courage by an incredulous look from Glossin, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjectional whistle, in a note of surprise and contempt. "I believe, my friend, we shall find for you before we part, a more humble title."

"If you do, sir, I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an imposture shall be thought to deserve."

"Well, sir, we shall see.—Do you know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?"

"I never saw the gentleman who I am informed bears that name, excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances."

"You mean to acknowledge, then, that you inflicted upon young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, that wound which endangered his life, considerably lacerated the clavicle of his right shoulder, and deposited, as the family surgeon declares, several large drops or slugs in the acromion process?"

"Why, sir, I can only say I am equally ignorant and sorry for the extent of the damage which the young gentleman has sustained. I met him in a narrow path, walking with two ladies and a servant, and before I could either pass them or address them, this young Hazlewood took his gun from his servant, presented it against

my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand back. I was neither inclined to submit to his authority, nor to leave him in possession of the means to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such rashness. I therefore closed with him for the purpose of disarming him; and just as I had nearly effected my purpose, the piece went off accidentally, and, to my regret then and since, inflicted upon the young gentleman a severer chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved."

"And so, sir," said the Baronet, every feature swoln with offended dignity,—"You, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the real jet and object of your assault, sir, to disarm young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fuzee, or whatever you please to call it, sir, upon the king's highway, sir?—

I think this will do, my worthy neighbour! I think he should stand committed?"

"You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert; but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers."

"Very true, good sir.—And besides, sir, you Vanbeest Brown, who call yourself a captain in his majesty's service, are no better or worse than a rascally mate of a smuggler!"

"Really, sir, you are an old gentleman, and acting under some strange delusion, otherwise I should be very angry with you."

"Old gentleman, sir! strange delusion, sir! I protest and declare——Why, sir, have you any papers or letters that can establish your pretended rank, and estate, and commission?"

"None at present, sir; but in the return of a post or two"——

"And how do you, sir, if you are a captain in his majesty's service, how do you chance to be travelling in Scotland without

letters of introduction, credentials, baggage, or any thing belonging to your pretended rank, estate, and condition, as I said before ?"

"Sir, I had the misfortune to be robbed of my clothes and baggage."

"Oho! then you are the gentleman who took a post-chaise from —— to Kippletringan, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to beat the boy and bring away the baggage ?"

"I was, sir, in a carriage as you describe, and lost my way endeavouring to find the road to Kippletringan. The landlady of the inn will inform you, that on my arrival there the next day, my first enquiries were after the boy."

"Then give me leave to ask where you spent the night—not in the snow, I presume ? you do not suppose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received ?"

"I beg leave," said Bertram, his recollection turning to the gypsey female, and to the promise he had given her, "I beg leave to decline answering that question."

"I thought as much.—Were you not during that night in the ruins of Derncleugh?—in the ruins of Derncleugh, sir?"

"I have told you that I do not intend answering that question."

"Well, sir, then you will stand committed, sir, and be sent to prison, sir, that's all, sir.—Have the goodness to look at these papers; are you the Vanbeest Brown there mentioned?"

It must be remarked, that Glossin had shuffled among the papers some writings which really did belong to Bertram, and which had been found by the officers in the old vault where his portmanteau was ransacked.

"Some of these papers," said Bertram, looking over them, "are mine, and were in my portfolio when it was stolen from the post-chaise. They are memoranda of little value, and, I see, have been carefully selected as affording no evidence of my rank or character, which many of the other papers would have established fully. They are mingled with ship-accounts

and other papers, belonging apparently to a person of the same name."

"And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend, that there are *two* persons in this country at the same time, of thy very uncommon and awkwardly sounding name?"

"I really do not see, sir, as there is an old Hazlewood and a young Hazlewood, why there should not be an old and young Vanbeest Brown. And, to speak seriously, I was educated in Holland, and I know that this name, however uncouth it may sound to British ears"——

Glossin, conscious that the prisoner was now about to enter upon dangerous ground, interfered, though the interruption was unnecessary, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Sir Robert Hazlewood, who was speechless and motionless with indignation at the presumptuous comparison implied in Bertram's last speech. In fact, the veins of his throat and of his temples swelled almost to bursting, and he sate

with the indignant and disconcerted air of one who has received a mortal insult from a quarter, to which he holds it unmeet and indecorous to make any reply. While with a bent brow and an angry eye he was drawing in his breath slowly and majestically, and puffing it forth again with deep and solemn exertion, Glossin stepped in to his assistance. "I should think now, Sir Robert, with great submission, that this matter may be closed. One of the constables, besides the pregnant proof already produced, offers to make oath, that the sword of which the prisoner was this morning deprived (while using it, by the way, in resistance to a legal warrant) was a cutlass taken from him in the fray between the officers and smugglers, just previous to their attack upon Woodbourne. And yet," added he, "I would not have you form any rash construction upon that subject; perhaps the young man can explain how he came by that weapon."

"That question, sir, I shall also leave unanswered."

"There is yet another circumstance to be enquired into. This prisoner put into the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish of Kippletringan, a parcel containing a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of different kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it right to ask, how he came by property of a description which seldom occurs?"

"You, sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown, sir, you hear the question, sir, which the gentleman asks you?"

"I have particular reasons for declining to answer that question."

"Then I am afraid, sir, our duty must lay us under the necessity to sign a warrant of committal."

"As you please, sir; take care, however, what you do. Observe that I inform you that I am a captain in his majesty's —— regiment, and that I am just re-

turned from India, and therefore cannot possibly be connected with any of those contraband traders you talk of; that my Lieutenant-Colonel is presently at Nottingham, the Major, with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-Thames; I offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignominy, if, within the return of the Kingston and Nottingham posts, I am not able to establish these points. Or you may write to the agent for the regiment, if you please, and"——

"This is all very well, sir," said Glossin, beginning to fear lest the firm expostulation of Bertram should make some impression on Sir Robert, who would almost have died of shame at committing such a solecism as sending a captain of horse to jail—"This is all very well, sir; but is there no person nearer whom you could refer to?"

"There are only two persons in this country who know any thing of me. One is a plain Liddesdale sheep-farmer, called

Dinmont of Charlies-hope; but he knows nothing more of me than what I told him, and what I now tell you."

"Why, this is well enough, Sir Robert! I suppose he would bring forward this thick-skulled fellow to give his oath of credulity, Sir Robert, ha, ha, ha!"

"And what is your other witness, friend?" said the Baronet.

"A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to mention, because of certain private reasons; but under whose command I served some time in India, and who is too much a man of honour to refuse his testimony to my character as a soldier and a gentleman."

"And who is this doughty witness, pray, sir?—some half-pay quarter-master or serjeant, I suppose?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering, late of the —— regiment, in which, as I told you, I have a troop."

"Colonel Guy Mannering!" thought

Glossin, "who the devil could have guessed this?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering?" echoed the Baronet, considerably shaken in his opinion, "My good sir,"—apart to Glossin, "the young man with a dreadfully plebeian name, and a good deal of modest assurance, has nevertheless something of the tone, and manners, and feeling of a gentleman, of one at least who has lived in good society—they do give commissions very loosely, and carelessly, and inaccurately, in India—I think we had better pause till Colonel Mannering shall return; he is now, I believe, at Edinburgh."

"You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Robert," answered Glossin, "in every possible respect. I would only submit to you, that we are certainly hardly entitled to dismiss this man upon an assertion which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall incur a heavy responsibility by detaining him in private custody,

without committing him to a public jail. Undoubtedly you are the best judge, Sir Robert;—and I would only say, for my own part, that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining a person in a place which I thought perfectly secure, and under the custody of the proper officers. The man made his escape, and I have no doubt my own character for attention and circumspection as a magistrate has in some degree suffered—I only hint this—I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think most advisable." But Mr Glossin was well aware that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the motions of his self-important, but not self-relying colleague. So that Sir Robert Hazlewood summed up the business in the following speech, which proceeded partly upon the supposition of the prisoner being really a gentleman, and partly upon the opposite belief that he was a villain and an assassin.

"Sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown—I would call you Captain Brown if there was the least

reason, or cause, or grounds to suppose that you are a captain, or had a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or indeed in any other corps in his majesty's service, as to which circumstance I beg to be understood to give no positive, settled, or unalterable judgment, declaration, or opinion. I say therefore, sir, Mr Brown, we have determined, considering the unpleasant predicament in which you now stand, having been robbed, as you say, an assertion as to which I suspend my opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable treasure, and of a brass-handled cutlass besides, as to your obtaining which you will favour us with no explanation—I say, sir, we have determined and resolved, and made up our minds, to commit you to jail, or rather to assign you an apartment therein, in order that you may be forthcoming upon Colonel Mannering's return from Edinburgh."

"With humble submission, Sir Robert," said Glossin, "may I enquire if it is your

purpose to send this young gentleman to the county jail?—for if that were not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to hint, that there would be less hardship in sending him to the Bridewell at Portanferry, where he can be secured without public exposure; a circumstance which, upon the mere chance of his story being really true, is much to be avoided."

"Why there is a guard of soldiers at Portanferry, to be sure, for protection of the goods in the custom-house; and upon the whole, considering every thing, and that the place is comfortable for such a place, I say, all things considered, we will commit this person, I would rather say authorize him to be detained, in the work-house at Portanferry."

The warrant was made out accordingly, and Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he should not be taken there under cloud of night, for fear of rescue. He was, during

the interval, to be detained at Hazlewood-house.

"It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the Looties in India," he thought, "nor can it last so long. But the deuce take the old formal dunderhead, and his more sly associate, who speaks always under his breath,—they cannot understand a plain man's story when it is told them."

In the meanwhile Glossin took leave of the Baronet, with a thousand respectful bows and cringing apologies for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazlewood, and young Mr Hazlewood, upon some future occasion.

"Certainly, sir," said the Baronet, very graciously. "I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility to our neighbours; and when I ride that way, good Mr Glossin, I will convince you of this by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent—that is, as can be hoped or expected."——

"And now," said Glossin to himself, "to find Dirk Hatteraick and his people, to get the guard sent off the custom-house, and then for the grand cast of the dice. Every thing must depend upon speed.—How lucky that Mannering has betaken himself to Edinburgh! his knowledge of this young fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers,"—here he suffered his horse to slacken his pace—"What if I should try to compound with the heir?—It's likely he might be brought to pay a round sum for restitution, and I could give up Hatteraick—But no, no, no! there were too many eyes on me, Hatteraick himself, and the gypsey sailor, and that old hag—No, no! I must stick to my original plan." And with that he struck his spurs to his horse's flanks, and rode forward at a hard trot to put his machines in motion.

CHAPTER V.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

Inscription on Edinburgh Tolbooth.

Early on the following morning, the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazlewood-house, was, with his two silent and surly attendants, appointed to convey him to his place of confinement at Portanferry. This building adjoined to the custom-house established at that little seaport, and both were situated so close to the sea-beach, that it was necessary to

defend the back part with a large and strong rampart, or bulwark of huge stones, disposed in a slope towards the surf, which often reached and broke upon them. The front was surrounded by a high wall, enclosing a small court-yard, within which the miserable inmates of the mansion were occasionally permitted to take exercise and air. The prison was used as a House of Correction, and occasionally as a chapel of ease to the county jail, which was old, and far from being conveniently situated with reference to the Kippletringan district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at first been apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was keeper of this palace of little-ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and got out himself to summon the warders. The noise of his rap alarmed some twenty or thirty ragged boys, who left off sailing their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt-water left by the receding tide,

and hastily crowded round the carriage to see what luckless being was to be delivered to the prison-house out of "Glossin's braw new carriage." The door of the court-yard, after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mrs MacGuffog, an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength and resolution capable of maintaining order among her riotous inmates, and of administering the discipline of the house, as it was called, during the absence of her husband, or when he chanced to have taken an over-dose of the creature. The growling voice of this amazon, which rivalled in harshness the crashing music of her own bolts and bars, soon dispersed in every direction the little varlets who had thronged around her threshold, and she next addressed her amiable help-mate:—

"Be sharp, man, and get out the swell, can'st thou not?"

"Hold your tongue and be d—d, you ——," answered her loving husband, with

two additional epithets of great energy, but which we beg to be excused from repeating. Then addressing Bertram :

" Come, will you get out, my handy lad, or must we lend you a lift ?"

Bertram came out of the carriage, and, collared by the constable as he put his foot upon the ground, was dragged, though he offered no resistance, across the threshold, amid the continued shouts of the little sans culottes, who looked on at such distance as their fear of Mrs Mac-Guffog permitted. The instant his foot had crossed the fatal porch, the portress again dropped her chains, drew her bolts, and, turning with both hands an immense key, took it from the lock, and thrust it into a huge side-pocket of red cloth.

Bertram was now in the small court already mentioned. Two or three prisoners were sauntering along the pavement, and deriving as it were a feeling of refreshment from the momentary glimpse with which

the opening door had extended their prospect to the other side of a dirty street. Nor can this be thought surprising, when it is considered, that unless upon such occasions their view was confined to the grated front of their prison, the high and sable walls of the court-yard, the heaven above them, and the pavement beneath their feet; a sameness of landscape, which, to use the poet's expression, "lay like a load on the wearied eye," and had fostered in some a callous and dull misanthropy, in others that sickness of the heart which induces him who is immured already in a living grave, to wish for a sepulchre yet more calm and sequestered.

Mac-Guffog, when they entered the court-yard, suffered Bertram to pause for a minute, and look upon his companions in affliction. When he had cast his eye around on faces on which guilt, and despondence, and low excess, had fixed their stigma; upon the spendthrift, and the

swindler, and the thief, the bankrupt debtor, the "moping idiot, and the madman gay," whom a paltry spirit of economy assigned to share this dismal habitation, he felt his heart recoil with inexpressible loathing from enduring the contamination of their society even for a moment.

"I hope, sir," he said to the keeper, "you intend to assign me a place of confinement apart?"

"And what should I be the better of that?"

"Why, sir, I can but be detained here a day or two, and it would be very disagreeable to me to mix in the sort of company this place affords."

"And what do I care for that?"

"Why, then, sir, to speak to your feelings, I shall be willing to make a handsome compliment for this indulgence."

"Aye, but when, Captain? when and how? that's the question, or rather the twa questions."

"When I am delivered, and get my remittances from England."

Mac-Guffog shook his head incredulously.

"Why, friend, you do not pretend to believe that I am really a malefactor?"

"Why, I no ken," said the fellow; "but if ye *are* on the account, ye're nae sharp ane, that's the day-light o't."

"And why do you say I am no sharp one?"

"Why, wha but a crack-brain'd callant wad hae let them keep up the siller that ye left at the Gordon arms? Deil fetch me, but I wad have had it out o' their wames! ye had nae right to be strippit o' your money and sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have keepit the rest o' the articles for evidence. But why, for a blind bottle-head, did not ye ask the guineas? and I kept winking and nodding a' the time, and the donnert deevil wad never ance look my way!"

"Well, sir, if I have a title to have that property delivered up to me, I shall apply for it, and there is a good deal more than enough to pay any demand you can set up."

"I dinna ken a bit about that; ye may be here lang eneugh. And then the gieing credit maun be considered in the fees. But, however, as ye *do* seem to be a chap by common, though my wife says I lose by my good nature, if ye gie me an order for my fees upon that money—I dare say Glossin will make it forthcoming—I ken something about an escape from Ellangowan—aye, aye, he'll be glad to carry me through, and be neighbour-like."

"Well, sir, if I am not furnished in a day or two otherwise, you shall have such an order."

"Weel, weel, then you shall be put up like a prince; but mark ye me, friend, that we may have nae colly-shangie afterhend, these are the fees that I always charge

a swell that must have his lib-ken to himsell—Thirty shillings a-week for lodgings, and a guinea for garnish; half-a-guinea a-week for a single bed,—and I dinna get the whole of it, for I must gie half-a-crown out of it to Donald Laider that's in for sheep-stealing, that should sleep with you by rule, and he'll expect clean strae, and maybe some whisky beside. So I make little upon that."

"Well, sir, go on."

"Then for meat and liquor, ye may have the best, and I never charge abune twenty per cent. ower tavern price for pleasing a gentleman that way—and that's little eneugh for sending in and sending out, and wearing the lassie's shoon out. And then if you're dowie, I will sit wi' you a gliff in the evening mysell, man, and help ye out wi' your bottle.—I have drank mony a glass wi' Glossin, man, that did you up, though he's a justice now.—And then I'se warrant ye'll be for fire thir cauld nights, or if ye want candle, that's

an expensive article, for it's against the rules.—And now I have tell'd ye the head articles of the charge, and I dinna think there's muckle mair, though there will aye be some odd expences ower and abune."

"Well, sir, I must trust to your conscience, if ever you happened to hear of such a thing—I cannot help myself."——

"Na, na, sir, I'll no permit you to be saying that—I'm forcing naething upon ye;—an ye dinna like the price, ye needna take the article—I force no man; I was only explaining what civility was; but if ye like to take the common run of the house it's a' ane to me—I'll be saved trouble, that's a'."

"Nay, my friend, I have, as I suppose you may easily guess, no inclination to dispute your terms upon such a penalty. Come, show me where I am to be, for I would fain be alone for a little while."

"Aye, aye, come alang then, Captain," said the fellow, with a contortion of visage which he intended to be a smile; "and I'll

tell you now,—to show you that I have a conscience, as ye ca't, d—n me if I charge ye abune sixpence a day for the freedom o' the court, and ye may walk in't very near three hours a day, and play at pitch and toss, and hand-ba', and what not."

With this gracious promise he ushered Bertram into the house, and shewed him up a steep and narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was a strong door, clenched with iron and studded with nails. Beyond this door was a narrow passage or gallery, having three cells on each side, wretched vaults, with iron bed-frames and straw mattresses. But at the farther end was a small apartment of rather a more decent appearance, that is, having less the air of a place of confinement, since, unless for the large lock and chain upon the door, and the crossed and ponderous stancheons upon the window, it rather resembled the "worst inn's worst room." It was designed as a sort of infirmary for prisoners whose state of health

required some indulgence; and, in fact, Donald Laider, Bertram's destined chum, had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which it contained, to try whether clean straw and whisky might not have a better chance to cure his intermitting fever. This process of ejection had been carried into force by Mrs Mac-Guffog while her husband parleyed with Bertram in the court-yard, that good lady having a distinct presentiment of the manner in which the treaty must necessarily terminate. Apparently the expulsion had not taken place without some application of the strong hand, for one of the bed-posts of a sort of tent-bed was broken down, so that the tester and curtains hung forward into the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chieftain, half-sinking amid the confusion of a combat.

"Never mind that being out o' sorts, Captain," said Mrs Mac-Guffog, who now followed them into the room; then, turning her back to the prisoner, with as much

delicacy as the action admitted she whipped from her knee her ferret garter, and applied it to splicing and fastening the broken bed-post—then used more pins than her apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in festoons,—then shook the bed-clothes into something like form—then flung over all a tattered patch-work quilt, and pronounced that things were now "something purpose-like." "And there's your bed, Captain," pointing to a massy four-posted hulk, which, owing to the inequality of the floor that had sunk considerably, (the house, though new, having been built by contract,) stood upon three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if pawing the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant passant upon the pannel of a coach—"There's your bed and the blankets; but if ye want sheets, or bowster, or pillow, or ony sort o' nappery for the table, or for your hands, ye'll hae to speak to me about it, for that's out o' the gudeman's line, (Mac-Guffog had by this

time left the room, to avoid, probably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new exaction,) and he never engages for ony thing like that."

"In God's name," said Bertram, "let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please."

"Aweel, aweel, that's sune settled; we'll no excise you neither, though we live sae near the custom-house. And I maun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I'se warrant; but your dinner will be but a puir ane the day, no expecting company that wad be nice and fashious."—So saying, and in all haste, Mrs Mac-Guffog fetched a scuttle of live coals, and having replenished "the rusty grate, unconscious of a fire" for months before, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the stipulated bed-linen, (alas, how different from Ailie Dinmont's!) and, muttering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in inveterate spleen of temper, to grudge even those accommo-

dations for which she was to receive payment. At length, however, she departed, grumbling between her teeth, that "she wad rather lock up a hail ward than be fiking about thae niff-naffy gentles that gae sae muckle fash wi' their fancies."

When she was gone, Bertram found himself reduced to the alternative of pacing his little apartment for exercise, or gazing out upon the sea in such proportions as could be seen from the narrow panes of his window, obscured by dirt and by close iron-bars, or reading over the records of brutal wit and blackguardism which despair had scrawled upon the half-whitened walls. The sounds were as uncomfortable as the objects of sight; the sullen dash of the tide, which was now retreating, and the occasional opening and shutting of a door, with all its accompaniments of jarring bolts and creaking hinges, mingling occasionally with the dull monotony of the retiring sound. Sometimes, too, he could hear the hoarse growl of the

keeper, or the shriller tones of his help-mate, almost always in the tone of discontent, anger, or insolence. At other times the large mastiff, chained in the court-yard, answered with furious bark the insults of the idle loiterers who made a sport of incensing him.

At length the tædium of this weary space was broken by the entrance of a dirty-looking serving wench, who made some preparations for dinner by laying a half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleaning, flanked a cracked delf plate; a nearly empty mustard-pot, placed on one side of the table, balanced a salt-cellar, containing an article of a greyish, or rather blackish mixture, upon the other, both of stone-ware, and bearing too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after, the same Hebe brought up a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease, floating in an ocean of luke-warm

water; and having added a coarse loaf to these savoury viands, she requested to know what liqours the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting: but Bertram endeavoured to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly upon the brown loaf. When his meal was over, the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long broken tallow-candle, inclining over a tin candlestick coated with grease: as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them the next day if he chose to send out to buy them. Bertram next desired the maid to procure

him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling; in consequence of which, after long absence, she re-appeared with two odd volumes of the Newgate Kalendar, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. Having laid the books on the table she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

CHAPTER VI.

But if thou should'st be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.

SHENSTONE.

PLUNGED into the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his dismal reading, and disconsolate situation, Bertram, for the first time in his life, felt himself affected with a disposition to low spirits. "I have been in worse situations than this too," he said;—"more dangerous, for here is no danger; more dismal in prospect, for my present confinement must necessarily be short; more intolerable for the time, for here, at least I have fire, food, and shelter. Yet, with reading these

bloody tales of crime and misery, in a place so corresponding to the ideas which they excite, and in listening to these sad sounds, I feel a stronger disposition to melancholy than in my life I ever experienced. But I will not give way to it —Begone, thou record of guilt and infamy!" said he, flinging the book upon the spare bed; "a Scottish jail shall not break, on the very first day, the spirits which have resisted climate, and want, and penury, and disease, and imprisonment in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with dame Fortune, and she shall not beat me now if I can help it."

Then bending his mind to a strong effort, he endeavoured to view his situation in the most favourable light. Delaserre must soon be in Scotland; the certificates from his commanding officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mannering were first applied to, who could say but the effect might be a reconciliation between them? He had often observed, and now

remembered, that when his former colonel took the part of any one, it was never by halves, and that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case, a favour, which could be asked with honour and granted with readiness, might be the means of reconciling them to each other. From this his feelings naturally turned towards Julia, and without very nicely measuring the distance between a soldier of fortune, who expected that her father's attestation would deliver him from confinement, and the heiress of that father's wealth and expectations, he was building the gayest castle in the clouds, and varnishing it with all the tints of a summer-evening sky, when his labour was interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate, answered by the barking of the gaunt half-starved mastiff, which was quartered in the court-yard as an addition to the garrison. After much scrupulous precaution the gate was opened, and some person admitted. The

house door was next unbarred, unlocked, and unchained, a dog's feet pattered up stairs in great haste, and the animal was heard scratching and whining at the door of the room. Next a heavy step was heard lumbering up, and Mac-Guffog's voice in the character of pilot—" This way, this way; take care of the step;—that's the room."—Bertram's door was then unbolted, and, to his great surprise and joy, his terrier, Wasp, rushed into the room, and almost devoured him with caresses, followed by the massy form of his friend from Charlies-hope.

" Eh whow! Eh whow!" ejaculated the honest farmer, as he looked round upon his friend's miserable apartment and wretched accommodation—" What's this o't! what's this o't!"

" Just a trick of fortune, my good friend," said Bertram, rising and shaking him heartily by the hand, " that's all."

" But what will be done about it?—or what *can* be done about it?—is't for debt, or what is't for?"

"Why, it is not for debt; and if you have time to sit down, I'll tell you all I know of the matter myself."

"If I hae time?—ou, what the deevil am I come here for, man, but just ance errand to see about it? but ye'll no be the waur o' something to eat, I trow;—it's getting late at e'en—I tell'd the folk at the Change, where I put up Dumple, to send ower my supper here, and the chield Mac-Guffog is agreeable to let it in—I hae settled a' that.—And now let's hear your story—whisht, Wasp, man!—wow but he's glad to see you, poor thing!"

Bertram's story, being confined to the accident of Hazlewood, and the confusion made between his own identity and that of one of the smugglers, who had been active in the assault of Woodbourne, and chanced to bear the same name, was soon told. Dinmont listened very attentively. "Aweel," he said, "this suld be nae sick dooms-desperate business surely—the lad's doing weel again that was hurt, and what signifies twa or three lead-draps

in his shouther? if ye had putten out his e'e it would hae been another case. But eh, as I wuss auld Sherra Pleydell was to the fore here!—odd, he was the man for sorting them, and the queerest rough-spoken deevil too that ever ye heard!"

"But now tell me, my excellent friend, how did you find out I was here?"

"Odd, lad, queerly eneugh; but I'll tell ye that after we are done wi' our supper, for it will may be no be sae weel to speak about it while that lang-lugged limmer o' a lass is gaun flisking in and out o' the room."

Bertram's curiosity was in some degree put to rest by the appearance of the supper which his friend had ordered, which, although homely enough, had the appetizing cleanliness in which Mrs Mac-Guffog's cookery was so eminently deficient. Dinmont also, premising he had ridden the whole day since breakfast-time, without tasting any thing "to speak of," which qualifying phrase related to about three

pounds of cold roast mutton which he had discussed at his mid-day stage,—Dinmont, I say, fell stoutly upon the good cheer, and, like one of Homer's heroes, said little, either good or bad, till the rage of thirst and hunger was appeased. At length, after a draught of home-brewed ale, he began by observing, "Aweel, aweel, that hen," looking upon the lamentable reliques of what had been once a large fowl, "was na a bad ane to be bred at a town-end, though it's no like our barn-door chuckies at Charlies-hope—and I am glad to see that this vexing job hasna ta'en awa' your appetite, Captain."

"Why, really, my dinner was not so excellent, Mr Dinmont, as to spoil my supper."

"I dare say no, I dare say no:—But now, hinny, that ye hae brought us the brandy and the mug wi' the het water, and the sugar, and a' right, ye may steek the door, ye see, for we wad hae some o' our ain cracks." The damsel accordingly

retired, and shut the door of the apartment, to which she added the precaution of drawing a large bolt on the outside.

So soon as she was gone Dandie reconnoitred the premises, listened at the keyhole as if he had been listening for the blowing of an otter, and having satisfied himself that there were no eves-droppers, returned to the table, and making himself what he called a gay stiff cheerer, poked the fire, and began his story in an under tone of gravity and importance not very usual with him.

"Ye see, Captain, I had been in Edinbro' for twa or three days, looking after the burial of a friend that we hae lost, and may be I suld hae had something for my ride; but there's disappointments in a' things, and wha can help the like o' that? and I had a wee bit law business besides, but that's neither here nor there. In short, I had got my matters settled, and hame I cam; and the morn awa to the

muirs to see what the herds had been about, and I thought I might as weel gie a look to the Tout-hope head, where Jock o' Dawstone and me has the outcast about a march—Weel, just as I was coming upon the bit, I saw a man afore me that I kenn'd was nane o' our herds, and it's a wild bit to meet ony other body, so when I cam up to him, it was Tod Gabriel the fox-hunter. So I says to him, rather surprised like, 'What are ye doing up amang the craws here, without your hounds, man? are ye seeking the fox without the dogs?' So he said, 'Na, gudeman, but I wanted to see yoursel.'

'Aye,' said I, 'and ye'll be wanting eilding now, or something to pitt ower the winter?'

'Na, na,' quo' he, 'it's no that I'm seeking; but ye tak an unco interest in that Captain Brown that was staying wi' you, d'ye no?'

'Troth do I, Gabriel,' says I; 'and what about him, lad?'

"Says he, 'There's mair tak an interest in him than you, and some that I am bound to obey; and it's no just on my ain will that I'm here to tell you something about him that will no please you.'

'Faith, naething will please me,' quo' I, 'that's no pleasing to him.'

'And then,' quo' he, 'ye'll be ill-sorted to hear that he's like to be in the prison at Portanferry, if he does na tak a' the better care o' himsell, for there's been warrants out to tak him as soon as he comes ower the water frae Allonby. And now, gudeman, an ever ye wish him weel, ye maun ride down to Portanferry, and let nae grass grow at the nag's heels; and if ye find him in confinement, ye maun stay beside him night and day, for a day or twa, for he'll want friends that hae baith heart and hand; and if ye neglect this ye'll never rue but ance, for it will be for a' your life.'

'But, safe us, man,' quo' I, 'how did ye

learn a' this? it's an unco way between this and Portanferry.'

'Never ye mind that,' quo' he, 'they that brought us the news rade night and day, and ye maun be aff instantly if ye wad do ony gude—and sae I have naething mair to tell ye.'—So he sat himsell doun and hirselled doun into the glen, where it wad hae been ill following him wi' the beast, and I cam back to Charlies-hope to tell the gudewife, for I was uncertain what to do. It wad look uncolike, I thought, just to be sent out on a hunt-the-gowk errand wi' a land-louper like that. But, Lord! as the gudewife set up her throat about it, and said what a shame it wad be if ye was to come to ony wrang an I could help ye; and then in cam your letter that confirmed it. So I took to the kist, and out wi' the pickle notes in case they should be needed, and a' the bairns ran to saddle Dumple. By great luck I had ta'en the other beast to Edinbro', sae Dumple was as fresh as a rose.

Sae aff I set, and Wasp wi' me, for ye wad really hae thought he kenn'd where I was gaun, puir beast,—and here I am after a trot o' sixty mile, or near bye.'

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and imminent than could be likely to arise from a few days imprisonment. At the same time it was equally evident that some unknown friend was working in his behalf. "Did you not say," he asked Dinmont, "that this man Gabriel was of gypsey blood?"

"It was e'en judged sae," said Dinmont, "and I think this maks it likely; for they aye ken where the gangs o' ilk ither are to be found, and they can gar news flee like a foot-ba' through the country an' they like. An' I forget to tell ye, there's been an unco enquiry after the auld wife that we saw in Bewcastle; the sheriff's had folk ower the Limestane Edge after her, and down the Hermitage and Liddle, and

a' gates, and a reward offered for her to appear, o' fifty pounds sterling, nae less; and Justice Forster, he's had out warrants, as I am tell'd, in Cumberland, and an unco ranging and ripeing they have had a' gates seeking for her; but she'll no be ta'en wi' them unless she likes, for a' that."

"And how comes that?" said Bertram.

"Ou, I dinna ken; I dare say it's nonsense, but they say she has gathered the fern-seed, and can gang ony gate she likes, like Jock the Giant-killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' swiftness. Ony way she's a kind o' queen amang the gypsies; she is mair than a hundred year auld, folk say, and minds the coming in o' the moss-troopers in the troublesome times when the Stuarts were put awa. Sae if she canna hide hersell, they can hide her weel aneugh, ye needna doubt that. Odd, an' I had kenn'd it had been Meg Merrilies yon night at Tibb Mumps's, I wad ta'en care how I crossed her."

Bertram listened with great attention to this account, which tallied so well in many points with what he had himself seen of this gypsey sybil. After a moment's consideration, he concluded it would be no breach of faith to mention what he had seen at Derncleugh to a person who held Meg in such reverence as Dinmont obviously did. He told his story accordingly, often interrupted by ejaculations, such as, "Weel, the like o' that now!" or "Na, deil an' that's no something now!"

When our Liddesdale friend had heard the whole to an end, he shook his great black head—"Weel; I'll uphaud there's baith gude and ill amang the gypsies, and if they deal wi' the enemy it's a' their ain business and no ours.—I ken what the streeking the corpse wad be weel aneugh. Thae smuggler deevils, when ony o' them's killed in a fray, they'll send for a wife like Meg far eneugh to dress the corpse; odd, it's a' the burial they ever think o'! and

then to be put into the ground without ony decency, just like dogs. But they stick to it, that they'll be streekit, and hae an auld wife when they're dying to rhyme ower prayers, and ballants, and charms, as they ca' them, rather than they'll hae a minister to come and pray wi' them—that's an auld threep o' their's; and I am thinking the man that died will hae been ane o' the folk that was shot when they burnt Woodbourne."

"But, my good friend, Woodbourne is not burnt."

"Weel, the better for them that bides in't. Odd, we had it up the water wi' us, that there was na a stane on the tap o' anither. But there was fighting, ony way; I dare to say, it would be fine fun! And, as I said, ye may take it on trust, that that's been ane o' the men killed there, and that it's been the gypsies that took your pockmanky when they fand the chaise stickin in the snaw—they wadna

pass the like o' that—it wad just come to their hand like the boul o' a pint stoup."

"But if this woman is a sovereign among them, why was she not able to afford me open protection, and to get me back my property?"

"Ou, wha kens? she has muckle to say wi' them, but whiles they'll tak their ain way for a' that, when they're under temptation. And then there's the smugglers that they're aye leagued wi', she maybe couldna manage them sae weel—they're aye banded thegither—I've heard, the gypsies ken when the smugglers will come aff, and where they're to land, better than the very merchants that deal wi' them. And then, to the boot o' that, she's whiles crack-brained, and has a bee in her head; they say that whether her spaeings and fortune-tellings be true or no, for certain she believes in them a' hersell, and is aye guiding hersell by some queer

prophecy or anither. So she disna aye gang the straight road to the well.—But deil o' sic a story as yours, wi' glamour and dead folk and losing ane's gate, I ever heard out o' the tale-books!—But whisht, I hear the keeper coming."—

Mac-Guffog accordingly interrupted their discourse by the harsh harmony of the bolts and bars, and showed his bloated visage at the opening door. "Come, Mr Dinmont, we have put off locking up for an hour to oblige ye; ye must go to your quarters."

"Quarters, man? I intend to sleep here the night. There's a spare bed in the Captain's room."

"It's impossible!" answered the keeper.

"But I say it *is* possible, and that I winna stir—and there's a dram t'ye."

Mac-Guffog drank off the spirits, and resumed his objection. "But it's against rule, sir; ye have committed nae malefaction."

"I'll break your head if ye say ony mair about it, and that will be malefaction aneugh to entitle me to ae night's lodging wi' you, ony way."

"But I tell ye, Mr Dinmont," reiterated the keeper, "it's against rule, and I would lose my post."

"Weel, Mac-Guffog, I hae just twa things to say. Ye ken wha I am weel aneugh, and that I wadna loose a prisoner."

"And how do I ken that?"

"Weel, if ye dinna ken that, ye ken this; —ye ken ye're whiles obliged to be up our water in the way o' your business; now, if ye let me stay quietly here the night wi' the Captain, I'se pay ye double fees for the room; and if ye say no, ye shall hae the best sark-fu' o' sair banes that ever ye had in your life, the first time ye set a foot bye Liddell-mote!"

"Aweel, aweel, gudeman," said Mac-Guffog, "a willfu' man maun hae his way; but if I am challenged for it by the jus-

tices, I ken wha sall bear the wyte ;"—and having sealed this observation with a deep oath or two, he retired to bed, after carefully securing all the doors of the Bridewell. The bell from the town steeple tolled nine, just as this ceremony was concluded.

"Although it's but early hours," said the farmer, who had observed that his friend looked somewhat pale and fatigued, "I think we had better lie down, Captain, if ye're no agreeable to another cheerer. But troth, ye're nae glass-breaker; and neither am I, unless it be a screed wi' the neighbours, or when I'm on a ramble."

Bertram readily assented to the motion of his faithful friend, but on looking at the bed, felt repugnance to trust himself undressed to Mrs Mac-Guffog's clean sheets.

"I'm muckle o' your opinion, Captain. Odd, this bed looks as if a' the colliers in Sanquhar had been in't thegither. But it winna win through my muckle coat." So saying, he flung himself upon the frail bed with a force that made all its timbers crack,

and in a few moments gave audible signal that he was fast asleep. Bertram slipped off his coat and boots, and occupied the other dormitory. The strangeness of his destiny, and the mysteries which seemed to thicken around him, while he seemed alike to be persecuted and protected by secret enemies and friends, arising out of a class of people with whom he had no previous connection, for some time occupied his mind. Fatigue, however, gradually composed his mind, and in a short time he was as fast asleep as his companion. And in this comfortable state of oblivion we must leave them, until we acquaint the reader with some other circumstances which occurred about the same period.

CHAPTER VII.

——— Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—
Speak, I charge you.

Macbeth.

Upon the evening of the day when Bertram's examination had taken place, Colonel Mannering arrived at Woodbourne from Edinburgh. He found his family in their usual state, which probably, so far as Julia was concerned, would not have been the case, had she learned the news of Bertram's arrest. But as, during the Colonel's absence, the two young ladies

lived much retired, this circumstance fortunately had not reached Woodbourne. A letter had already made Miss Bertram acquainted with the downfall of the expectations which had been formed upon the bequest of her kinswoman. Whatever hopes that news might have dispelled, the disappointment did not prevent her from joining her friend in affording a cheerful reception to the Colonel, to whom she thus endeavoured to express the deep sense she entertained of his paternal kindness. She touched on her regret, that at such a season of the year he should have made, upon her account, a journey so fruitless.

"That it was fruitless to you, my dear," said the Colonel, "I do most deeply regret; but for my own share, I have made some valuable acquaintances, and have spent the time I have been absent in Edinburgh with peculiar satisfaction; so that, on that score, there is nothing to be regretted. Even our friend the Dominie

is returned thrice the man he was, from having sharpened his wits in controversy with the geniuses of the northern metropolis."

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, with great complacency, "I did wrestle, and was not overcome, though my adversary was cunning in his art."

"I presume," said Miss Mannering, "the contest was somewhat fatiguing, Mr Sampson?"

"Very much, young lady—howbeit I girded up my loins and strove against him."

"I can bear witness," said the Colonel, "I never saw an affair better contested. The enemy was like the Mahratta cavalry; he assailed on all sides, and presented no fair mark for artillery; but Mr Sampson stood to his guns notwithstanding, and fired away, now upon the enemy, and now upon the dust which he had raised. But we must not fight our battles over again to-

night—to-morrow we shall have the whole at breakfast."

Upon the next day at breakfast, however, the Dominie did not make his appearance. He had walked out, a servant said, early in the morning. It was so common for him to forget his meals, that his absence never deranged the family. The housekeeper, a decent old-fashioned presbyterian matron, having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson's theological acquisitions, had it in charge upon these occasions to take care that he was no sufferer by his absence of mind, and therefore usually waylaid him upon his return, to remind him of his sublunary wants, and to minister for their relief. It seldom, however, happened that he was absent from two meals together, as was the case in the present instance. We must explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

The conversation which Mr Pleydell had held with Mannering upon the subject

of the loss of Harry Bertram, had awakened all the painful sensations which that event had inflicted upon Sampson. The affectionate heart of the poor Dominie had always reproached him, that his negligence in leaving the child in the care of Frank Kennedy had been the proximate cause of the murder of the one, the loss of the other, the death of Mrs Bertram, and the ruin of the family of his patron. It was a subject which he never spoke upon,—if indeed his mode of conversation could be called speaking at any time,—but which was often present to his imagination. The sort of hope so strongly affirmed and asserted in Mrs Bertram's last settlement, had excited a corresponding feeling in the Dominie's bosom, which was exasperated into a sort of sickening anxiety, by the discredit with which Pleydell had treated it. "Assuredly," thought Sampson to himself, "he is a man of erudition, and well skilled in the weighty

matters of the law; but he is also a man of humorous levity and inconstancy of speech; and wherefore should he pronounce *ex cathedra*, as it were, on the hope expressed by worthy Madam Margaret Bertram of Singleside?" All this, I say, the Dominie *thought* to himself; for had he uttered half the sentence, his jaws would have ached for a month under the unusual fatigue of such a continued exertion. The result of these cogitations was a resolution to go and visit the scene of the tragedy at Warroch Point, where he had not been for many years—not, indeed, since the fatal accident had happened. The walk was a long one, for the Point of Warroch lay on the farther side of the Ellangowan property, which was interposed between it and Woodbourne. Besides, the Dominie went astray more than once, and met with brooks swoln into torrents by the melting of the snow, where he, honest man, had only the summer-recollection of little trickling rills.

At length, however, he reached the woods which he had made the object of his walk, and traversed them with care, muddling his disturbed brains with vague efforts to recall every circumstance of the catastrophe. It will readily be supposed that the influence of local situation and association was inadequate to produce conclusions different from those which he had formed under the immediate pressure of the occurrences themselves. With "many a weary sigh, therefore, and many a groan," the poor Dominie returned from his hopeless pilgrimage, and weariedly plodded his way towards Woodbourne, debating at times in his altered mind a question which was forced upon him by the cravings of an appetite rather of the keenest, namely, whether he had breakfasted that morning or no?—It was in this twilight humour, now thinking of the loss of the child, then involuntarily compelled to meditate upon the somewhat incongruous subject of hung-beef, rolls, and butter,

that his route, which was different from that which he had taken in the morning, conducted him past the small ruined tower, or rather vestige of a tower, called by the country people the Kaim of Derncleugh.

The reader may recollect the description of this ruin in the sixth chapter of our second volume, as the vault in which young Bertram, under the auspices of Meg Merrilies, witnessed the death of Hatteraick's lieutenant. The tradition of the country added ghostly terrors to the natural awe inspired by the situation of this place, which terrors the gypsies, who so long inhabited the vicinity, had probably invented, or at least propagated, for their own advantage. It was said that, during the times of the Galwegian independence, one Hanlon Mac-Dingawaie, brother to the reigning chief, Knarth Mac-Dingawaie, murdered his brother and sovereign, in order to usurp the principality from his infant nephew, and that being pursued for ven-

geance by the faithful allies and retainers of the house, who espoused the cause of the lawful heir, he was compelled to retreat, with a few followers whom he had involved in his crime, to this impregnable tower called the Kaim of Derncleugh, where he defended himself until nearly reduced by famine, when, setting fire to the place, he and the small remaining garrison desperately perished by their own swords, rather than fall into the hands of their exasperated enemies. This tragedy, which, considering the wild times wherein it was placed, might have some foundation in truth, was larded with many legends of superstition and diablerie, so that most of the peasants of the neighbourhood, if benighted, would rather have chosen to make a considerable circuit, than pass these haunted walls. The lights, often seen around the tower when used as the rendezvous of the lawless characters by whom it was occasionally frequented, were accounted for, under authority of these

tales of witchery, in a manner at once convenient for the private parties concerned, and satisfactory to the public.

Now it must be confessed, that our friend Sampson, although a profound scholar and mathematician, had not travelled so far in philosophy as to doubt the reality of witchcraft or apparitions. Born indeed at a time when a doubt in the existence of witches was interpreted to be a justification of their infernal practices, a belief of such legends had been impressed upon him as an article indivisible from his religious faith, and perhaps it would have been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a thick misty day, which was already drawing to its close, Dominie Sampson did not pass the Kaim of Derncleugh without some feelings of tacit horror.

What then was his astonishment, when, on passing the door—that door which was supposed to have been placed there by one

of the latter Lairds of Ellangowan to prevent presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the haunted vault—that very door supposed to be always locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be deposited with the presbytery—that very door opened suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrilies, well known, though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood immediately before him in the foot-path, confronting him so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of.

"I kenn'd ye wad be here," she said with her harsh and hollow voice: "I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do my bidding."

"Get thee behind me!" said the alarmed Dominie—"Avoid ye!—*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—spurcissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—conjuro te!!!*"—

Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. "Is the carl daft," she said, "wi' his glamour?"

"*Conjuro*," continued the Dominie, "*adjuro, contestor, atque viriliter impero tibi!*"——

"What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi' your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye stickit stibbler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it whiles there's a limb o' ye hings to anither! —Tell Colonel Mannering that I ken he's seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

Hae, there's a letter to him; I was gaun to send it in another way.—I canna write mysell; but I hae them that will baith

write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the time's coming now, and the weird's dree'd, and the wheel's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before. Will ye mind a' this?"

"Assuredly," said the Dominie, "I am dubious—for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee."

"They'll do you nae ill though, and maybe muckle gude."

"Avoid ye! I desire no good that comes by unlawful means."

"Fule-body that thou art," said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows, "Fule-body! if I meant ye wrang, could na I clod ye ower that craig, and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye worricow?"

"In the name of all that is good," said the Dominie, recoiling and pointing his long pewter-headed walking cane like a

javelin at the supposed sorceress, "in the name of all that is good, bide off hands! I will not be handled—woman, stand off upon thine own proper peril!—desist, I say —I am strong—lo, I will resist!"—Here his speech was cut short; for Meg, armed with supernatural strength (as the Dominie asserted) broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted him into the vault, "as easily," said he, "as I could sway a Kitchen's atlas."

"Sit doun there," she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher with some violence against a broken chair, "sit doun there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o' the kirk that ye are—are ye fou or fasting?"

"Fasting from all but sin," answered the Dominie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over, however, the

wholesome conjurations which he durst no longer utter aloud. But as the Dominie's brain was by no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes escaped, and mingled with his uttered speech in a manner ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk himself together after every escape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of the witch.

Meg, in the meanwhile, went to a great black cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lifting the lid, an odour was diffused through the vault, which, if the vapours of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are usually supposed to contain. It was in fact the savour of a goodly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moorgame, boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions, and leeks, and, from the size of the cauldron, appeared to be prepared for half

a dozen of people at least. "So ye hae eat naething a' day?" said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and strewing it savourily with salt and pepper.

"Nothing," answered the Dominie—"*scelestissima!*—that is—gudewife."

"Hae then," said she, placing the dish before him, "there's what will warm your heart."

"I do not hunger—*malefica*—that is to say—Mrs Merrilies," for he said unto himself, 'the savour is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an Ericthoe.'

"If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt, I'll put it doun your throat wi' the cutty spoon, scauding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow!"

Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers' chaudrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture; but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy, which flowed from his chops as

it were in streams of water, and the witch's threats decided him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent casuists. "Saul," said Hunger, "feasted with the witch of Endor."—"And," quoth Fear, "the salt which she sprinkled upon the food sheweth plainly it is not a necromantic banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs." "And besides," says Hunger, after the first spoonful, "it is savoury and refreshing viands."

"So ye like the meat?" said the hostess.

"Yea," answered the Dominie, "and I give thee thanks—*sceleratissima!*—which means—Mrs Magaret."

"Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye kenn'd how it was gotten, ye may be wadna like it sae weel."

Sampson's spoon dropped, in the act of conveying its load to his mouth. "There's been mony a moonlight watch to bring a' that trade thegither—the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game-laws."

"Is that all?" thought Sampson, resuming his spoon, and shovelling away manfully; "I will not lack my food upon that argument."

"Now ye maun tak a dram."

"I will," quoth Sampson—"*conjuro te*—that is, I thank you heartily," for he thought to himself, in for a penny in for a pound, and he fairly drank the witch's health in a cupfull of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, "mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him."

"Will ye remember my errand now?" said Meg Merrilies; "I ken by the cast o' your e'e that ye're anither man than when you cam in."

"I will, Mrs Margaret," repeated Sampson stoutly; "I will deliver unto him the sealed yepistle, and will add what you please to send by word of mouth."

"Then I'll make it short," says Meg; "tell him to look at the stars without fail

this night, and to do what I desire him in that letter, as he would wish

> That Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Should meet on Ellangowan height.

"I have seen him twice when he saw na me; I ken when he was in this country first, and I ken what's brought him back again. Up, and to the gate! ye're ower lang here—follow me."

Sampson followed the sybil accordingly, who guided him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a shorter cut than he could have found for himself; they then entered upon the common, Meg still marching before him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small hillock which overhung the road.

"Here," she said, "stand still here. Look how the setting sun breaks through yon cloud that's been darkening the lift a' day. See where the first stream o' light fa's—it's upon Donagild's round tower—the auldest

tower in the castle o' Ellangowan—that's no for naething!—See as it's glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay—that's no for naething neither.—Here I stood on this very spot," said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out her long sinewy arm, and clenched hand, "Here I stood, when I tauld the last Laird o' Ellangowan what was coming on his house—and did that fa' to the ground?—na—it hit even ower sair!—And here, where I brake the wand of peace ower him—here I stand again—to bid God bless and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan, that will sune be brought to his ain; and the best laird he shall be that Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years.—I'll no live to see it, may be; but there will be mony a blithe e'e see it though mine be closed. And now, Abel Sampson, as ever ye lo'ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi' my message to the English Colonel, as if life and death were upon your haste!"

So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed Dominie, and regained with swift and long strides the shelter of the wood from which she had issued, at the point where it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne at a pace very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, "Prodigious! prodigious! pro-di-gi-ous!"

CHAPTER VIII.

——— It is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.

Hamlet.

As Mr Sampson crossed the hall with a bewildered look, the good housekeeper, who was on the watch for his return, sallied forth upon him—"What's this o't now, Mr Sampson, this is waur than ever! —ye'll really do yoursell some injury wi' these lang fasts—naething's sae hurtful to the stamach, Mr Sampson—if ye would but put some pepperment draps in your pocket, or let Barnes cut you a sandwich."

"Avoid thee!" quoth the Dominie, his mind running still upon his interview with

Meg Merrilies, and making for the dining parlour.

"Na, ye need na gang in there, the cloth's been removed an hour ago, and the Colonel's at his wine; but just step into my room, I have a nice staik that the cook will do in a moment."

"*Exorcizo te!*" said Sampson,—"that is, I have dined."

"Dined! it's impossible—wha can ye hae dined wi', you that gangs out nae gate?"

"With Beelzebub, I believe," said the minister.

"Na, then he's bewitched for certain," said the housekeeper, letting go her hold; "he's bewitched, or he's daft, and ony way the Colonel maun just guide him his ain gate—Waes me! Hech, sirs! It's a sair thing to see learning bring folk to this!" and with this compassionate ejaculation, she retreated into her own premises.

The object of her commiseration had

by this time entered the dining parlour, where his appearance gave great surprise. He was mud up to the shoulders, and the natural paleness of his hue was twice as cadaverous as usual, through terror, fatigue, and perturbation of mind. "What on earth is the meaning of this, Mr Sampson?" said Mannering, who observed Miss Bertram looking much alarmed for her simple but attached friend.

"*Exorciso,*"—said the Dominie.

"How, sir?"

"I crave pardon, honourable sir! but my wits"——

"Are gone a wool-gathering, I think—pray, Mr Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the meaning of all this."

Sampson was about to reply, but finding his Latin *formula* of exorcism still came most readily to his tongue, he prudently desisted from the attempt, and put the scrap of paper which he had received from the gypsey into Mannering's hand, who broke the seal and read it with sur-

prise. "This seems to be some jest," he said, "and a very dull one."

"It came from no jesting person," said Mr Sampson.

"From whom then did it come?"

The Dominie, who often displayed some delicacy of recollection in cases where Miss Bertram had an interest, remembered the painful circumstances connected with Meg Merrilies, looked at the young ladies, and remained silent. "We will join you at the tea-table in an instant, Julia; I see that Mr Sampson wishes to speak to me alone.—And now they are gone, what, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this?"

"It may be a message from Heaven," said the Dominie, "but it came by Beelzebub's postmistress. It was that witch, Meg Merrilies, who should have been burned with a tar-barrel twenty years since, for a harlot, thief, witch, and gypsey."

"Are you sure it was she?" said the Colonel with great interest.

"Sure, honoured sir? the like o' Meg Merrilies is not to be seen in any land."

The Colonel paced the room rapidly, cogitating with himself. "To send out to apprehend her—but it is too distant to send to Mac-Morlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood is a pompous coxcomb; besides the chance of not finding her upon the spot, and the humour of silence that seized her before may again return;—no, I will not, to save being thought a fool, neglect the course she points out. Many of her class set out by being impostors, and end by being enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both lines, unconscious almost when they are cheating themselves, or when imposing on others.—Well, my course is a plain one at any rate; and if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to over-jealousy of my own character for wisdom."

With this he rang the bell, and ordering Barnes into his private sitting-room, gave him some orders, with the result of

which the reader may be made hereafter acquainted. We must now take up another adventure, which is also to be woven into the story of this remarkable day.

Charles Hazlewood had not ventured to make a visit at Woodbourne during the absence of the Colonel. Indeed, Mannering's whole behaviour had impressed upon him an opinion that this would be disagreeable; and such was the ascendency which the successful soldier and accomplished gentleman had attained over his conduct, that in no respect would he have ventured to offend him. He saw, or thought he saw, in Colonel Mannering's general conduct, an approbation of his attachment to Miss Bertram. But then he saw still more plainly the impropriety of any attempt at a private correspondence, of which his parents could not be supposed to approve, and he respected this barrier interposed betwixt them, both on Mannering's account, and as he was the liberal and zealous protector of Miss Bertram.

"No," said he to himself, "I will not endanger the comfort of my Lucy's present retreat, until I can offer her a home of her own."

With this valorous resolution, which he maintained, although his horse, from constant habit, turned his head down the avenue of Woodbourne, and although he himself passed the lodge twice every day, he withstood a strong inclination to ride down, just to ask how the young ladies were, and whether he could be of any service to them during Colonel Mannering's absence. But upon the second occasion, he felt the temptation so severe, that he resolved not to expose himself to it a third time; and, contenting himself with sending hopes and enquiries, and so forth, to Woodbourne, he resolved to make a visit long promised to a family at some distance, and to return in such time as to be one of the earliest among Mannering's visitors, who should congratulate his safe return from his distant and hazardous expedition to Edinburgh. Accordingly, he made out

his visit, and having arranged matters so as to be informed within a few hours after Colonel Mannering reached Woodbourne, he fixed to take leave of the friends with whom he had spent the intervening time, with the intention of dining at Woodbourne, where he was in a great measure domesticated; and this (for he thought much more deeply on the subject than was necessary) would, he flattered himself, appear a simple, natural, and easy mode of conducting himself.

Fate, however, of which lovers make so many complaints, was, in this case, unfavourable to Charles Hazlewood. His horse's shoes required an alteration, in consequence of the fresh weather having decidedly commenced. The lady of the house, where he was a visitor, chose to indulge in her own room till a very l[illegible] breakfast hour. His friend also insisted on showing him a litter of puppies, which his favourite pointer bitch had produced that morning. The colours had occasion

ed some doubts about the paternity, a weighty question of legitimacy, to the decision of which Hazlewood's opinion was called in as arbiter between his friend and his groom, and which inferred in its consequences, which of the litter should be drowned, which saved. Besides, the Laird himself delayed our young lover's departure for a considerable time, endeavouring, with long and superfluous rhetoric, to insinuate to Sir Robert Hazlewood, through the medium of his son, his own particular ideas respecting the line of a meditated turnpike road. It is greatly to the shame of our young lover's apprehension, that after the tenth reiterated account of the matter, he could not see the advantage to be obtained by the proposed road passing over the Lang-hirst, Windy-knowe, the Goodhouse-park, Hailziecroft, and then crossing the river at Simon's pool, and so by the road to Kippletringan; and the less eligible line pointed out by the English sur-

veyor, which would go clear through the main enclosures at Hazlewood, and cut within a mile, or nearly so, of the house itself, destroying the privacy and pleasure, as his informer contended, of the grounds.

In short, the adviser (whose actual interest was to have the bridge built as near as possible to a farm of his own) failed in every effort to attract young Hazlewood's attention, until he mentioned by chance, that the proposed line was favoured by "that fellow Glossin," who pretended to take a lead in the county. On a sudden young Hazlewood became attentive and interested; and having satisfied himself which was the line that Glossin patronized, assured his friend it should not be his fault if his father did not countenance any other instead of that. But these various interruptions consumed the morning. Hazlewood got on horseback at least three hours later than he intended, and, cursing fine ladies, pointers, puppies, and turnpike

acts of parliament, saw himself detained beyond the time when he could, with propriety, intrude upon the family at Woodbourne.

He had passed, therefore, the turn of the road which led to that mansion, only edified by the distant appearance of the blue smoke, curling against the pale sky of the winter evening, when he thought he beheld the Dominie taking a foot-path for the house through the woods. He called after him, but in vain; for that honest gentleman, never the most susceptible of extraneous impressions, had just that moment parted from Meg Merrilies, and was too deeply wrapt up in pondering upon her vaticinations, to make any answer to Hazlewood's call. He was, therefore, obliged to let him proceed without enquiry after the health of the young ladies, or any other fishing question, to which he might, by good chance, have had an answer returned wherein Miss Bertram's name might have been mentioned.

All cause for haste was therefore now over, and, slackening the reins upon his horse's neck, he permitted him to ascend at his own leisure the steep sandy track between two high banks, which, ascending to a considerable height, commanded, at length, an extensive view of the neighbouring country. Hazlewood was, however, so far from eagerly looking forward to this prospect, though it had the recommendation, that great part of the land was his father's, and must necessarily be his own, that his head still turned towards the chimneys of Woodbourne, although at every step his horse made the difficulty of employing his eyes in that direction become greater. From the reverie in which he was sunk, he was suddenly roused by a voice too harsh to be called female, yet too shrill for a man :—"What's kept you on the road sae lang ?—maun ither folk do your wark ?"

He looked up ; the spokeswoman was very tall, had a voluminous handkerchief rolled round her head, her grizzled hair

flowing in elf-locks from beneath it; a long red cloak, and a staff in her hand, headed with a sort of spear point—it was, in short, Meg Merrilies. Hazlewood had never seen this remarkable figure before; he drew up his reins in astonishment at her appearance, and made a full stop. "I think," continued she, "they that hae ta'en interest in the house of Ellangowan suld sleep nane this night; three men hae been seeking ye, and you are gaun hame to sleep in your bed—d'ye think if the lad-bairn fa's the sister will do weel? na, na!"

"I don't understand you, good woman," said Hazlewood: "If you mean Miss —— I mean any of the late Ellangowan family, tell me what I can do for them."

"Of the late Ellangowan family?" she answered with great vehemence, "of the *late* Ellangowan family! and when was there ever, or when will there ever be, a family of Ellangowan, but bearing the gallant name of the bauld Bertrams?"

"But what do you mean, good woman?"

"I am nae good woman—a' the country kens I am bad eneugh, and may be sorry eneugh that I am nae better. But I can do what good women canna, and darena do. I can do what would freeze the blood o' them that is bred in biggit wa's for naething but to bind bairns' heads, and to hap them in the cradle. Hear me—the guard's drawn off at the custom-house at Portanferry, and it's brought up to Hazlewood-house by your father's orders, because he thinks his house is to be attacked this night by the smugglers;—there's naebody means to touch his house; he has gude blood and gentle blood—I say little o' him for himsell, but there's naebody thinks him worth meddling wi'. Send the horsemen back to their post, cannily and quietly—see an' they winna hae wark the night—aye will they—the guns will flash and the swords will glitter in the braw moon."

"Good God! what do you mean? your words and manner would persuade me you

are mad, and yet there is a strange combination in what you say."

"I am not mad! I have been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad—but mad I am not. Hear ye, Charles Hazlewood of Hazlewood; d'ye bear malice against him that wounded you?"

"No, dame, God forbid; my arm is quite well, and I have always said the shot was discharged by accident. I should be glad to tell the young man so."

"Then do what I bid ye, and ye'll do him mair gude than ever he did you ill; for if he was left to his ill-wishers he would be a bloody corpse ere morn, or a banished man—but there's ane abune a'.—Do as I bid you, send back the soldiers. There's nae mair fear o' Hazlewood-house than there's o' Cruffell-fell." And she vanished with her usual celerity of pace.

It would seem that the appearance of this female, and the mixture of frenzy and enthusiasm in her address, seldom failed

to produce the strongest impression upon those whom she addressed. Her words, though wild, were too plain and intelligible for actual madness, and yet too vehement and extravagant for sober-minded communication. She seemed acting under the influence of an imagination rather strongly excited than deranged; and it is wonderful how palpably the difference, in such cases, is impressed upon the mind of the auditor. This may account for the attention with which her strange and mysterious hints were heard and acted upon. It is certain, at least, that young Hazlewood was strongly impressed by her sudden appearance and imperative tone. He rode to Hazlewood at a brisk pace. It had been dark for some time before he reached the house, and on his arrival there, he saw a confirmation of what the sybil had hinted.

Thirty dragoon horses stood under a shed near the offices, with their bridles linked together. Three or four soldiers attended as a guard, while others stamped

up and down with their long broad-swords and heavy boots in front of the house. Hazlewood asked a non-commissioned officer from whence they came? "From Portanferry."

"Had they left any guard there?"

"No; they had been drawn off by order of Sir Robert Hazlewood for defence of his hosue, against an attack which was threatened by the smugglers."

Charles Hazlewood instantly went in quest of his father, and, having paid his respects to him upon his return, requested to know upon what account he had thought it necessary to send for a military escort. Sir Robert assured his son in reply, that from the information, intelligence, and tidings, which had been communicated to, and laid before him, he had the deepest reason to believe, credit, and be convinced, that a riotous assault would that night be attempted and perpetrated against Hazlewood-house, by a set of

smugglers, gypsies, and other desperadoes. "And what, my dear sir, should direct the fury of such persons against ours rather than any other house in the country?"

"I should rather think, suppose, and be of opinion, sir," answered Sir Robert, "with deference to your wisdom and experience, that upon these occasions and times, the vengeance of such persons is directed or levelled against the most important and distinguished in point of rank, talent, birth, and situation, who have checked, interfered with, and discountenanced their unlawful and illegal and criminal actions or deeds."

Young Hazlewood, who knew his father's foible, answered, that the cause of his surprise did not lie where Sir Robert apprehended, but that he only wondered they should think of attacking a house where there were so many servants, and where a signal to the neighbouring tenants could call in such strong assist-

ance; and added, that he doubted much whether the reputation of the family would not in some degree suffer from calling soldiers from their duty at the custom-house, to protect them, as if they were not sufficiently strong to defend themselves upon any ordinary occasion. He even hinted, that in case their house's enemies should observe that this precaution had been taken unnecessarily, there would be no end of their sarcasms.

Sir Robert Hazlewood was rather puzzled at this intimation, for, like most dull men, he heartily hated and feared ridicule. He gathered himself up, and looked with a sort of pompous embarrassment, as if he wished to be thought to despise the opinion of the public, which in reality he dreaded.

"I really should have thought," he said, "that the injury which had already been aimed at my house in your person, being the next heir and representative of the

Hazlewood family, failing me—I should have thought and believed, I say, that this would have justified me sufficiently in the eyes of the most respectable and greatest part of the people, for taking such precautions as are calculated to prevent and impede a repetition of outrage."

"Really, sir, I must remind you of what I have often said before, that I am positive the discharge of the piece was accidental."

"Sir, it was not accidental; but you will be wiser than your elders."

"Really, sir, in what so intimately concerns myself"——

"Sir, it does not concern you but in a very secondary degree—that is, it does not concern you, as a giddy young fellow, who takes pleasure in contradicting his father; but it concerns the country, sir; and the county, sir; and the public, sir; and the kingdom of Scotland, in so far as the interest of the Hazlewood family, sir, is com-

mitted, and interested, and put in peril, in, by, and through you, sir. And the fellow is in safe custody, and Mr Glossin thinks"——

"Mr Glossin, sir?"

"Yes, sir, the gentleman who has purchased Ellangowan—you know who I mean, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; but I should hardly have expected to hear you quote such authority. Why, this fellow—all the world knows him to be sordid, mean, tricking, and I suspect him to be worse. And you yourself, my dear sir, when did you call such a person a gentleman in your life before?"

"Why, Charles, I did not mean gentleman in the precise sense and meaning, and restricted and proper use, to which, no doubt, it ought legitimately to be confined; but I mean to use it relatively, as marking something of that state to which he has elevated and raised himself—as de-

signing, in short, a decent and wealthy and estimable sort of person."

"Allow me to ask, sir, if it was by this man's orders that the guard was drawn from Portanferry?"

"Sir, I do apprehend that Mr Glossin would not presume to give orders, or even an opinion, unless asked, in a matter in which Hazlewood-house and the house of Hazlewood—meaning by the one this mansion-house of my family, and by the other, typically, metaphorically, and parabolically, the family itself—I say then where the house of Hazlewood, or Hazlewood-house, were so immediately concerned"——

"I presume, however, sir, he approved of the proposal?"

"Sir, I thought it decent and right and proper to consult him as the nearest magistrate, as soon as report of the intended outrage reached my ears; and although he declined, out of deference and respect, as became our relative situations, to concur

in the order, yet he did entirely approve of my arrangement."

At this moment a horse's feet were heard coming very fast up the avenue. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr Mac-Morlan presented himself. "I am under great concern to intrude, Sir Robert, but"——

"Give me leave, Mr Mac-Morlan,—this is no intrusion, sir; for your situation as sheriff-substitute calling upon you to attend to the peace of the county, (and, doubtless, feeling yourself particularly called upon to protect Hazlewood-house,) you have an acknowledged, and admitted, and undeniable right, sir, to enter the house of the first gentleman in Scotland, uninvited—always presuming you to be called there by the duty of your office."

"It is indeed the duty of my office," said Mac-Morlan, who waited with impatience an opportunity to speak, "that makes me an intruder."

"No intrusion!" reiterated the Baronet, gracefully waving his hand.

"But permit me to say, Sir Robert, I do not come with the purpose of remaining here, but to recall these soldiers to Portanferry, and to assure you that I will answer for the safety of your house."

"To withdraw the guard from Hazlewood-house?—and *you* will be answerable for it! And, pray, who are you, sir, that I should take your security, and caution, and pledge, official or personal, for the safety of Hazlewood-house?—I think, sir, and believe, sir, and am of opinion, sir, that if any one of these family pictures were deranged, or destroyed, or injured, it would be difficult for me to make up the loss upon the guarantee which *you* so obligingly offer me."

"In that case I shall be sorry for it, Sir Robert; but I presume I may escape the pain of feeling my conduct the cause of such irreparable loss, as I can assure you there will be no attempt upon Hazlewood-

house whatever, and I have received information which induces me to suspect that the rumour was put afloat merely in order to occasion the removal of the soldiers from Portanferry. And under this strong belief and conviction I must exert my authority to order the whole, or greater part of them, back again. I regret much, that by my accidental absence, a good deal of delay has already taken place, and we shall not now reach Portanferry until it is late."

As Mr Mac-Morlan was the superior magistrate, and expressed himself peremptory in the purpose of acting as such, the Baronet, though highly offended, could only say, "Very well, sir, it is very well. Nay, sir, take them all with you—I am far from desiring any to be left here, sir. We, sir, can protect ourselves, sir. But you will have the goodness to observe, sir, that you are acting on your own proper risque, sir, and peril, sir, and responsibility, sir, if any thing shall happen or befall to Ha-

zlewood-house, sir, or the inhabitants, sir, or to the furniture and paintings, sir."

"I am acting to the best of my judgement and information, Sir Robert, and I must pray of you to believe so, and to pardon me accordingly. I beg you to observe it is no time for ceremony—it is already very late."

But Sir Robert, without deigning to listen to his apologies, immediately employed himself in arming and arraying his domestics. Charles Hazlewood longed to accompany the military, which was about to depart for Portanferry, and which was now drawn up and mounted by direction and under guidance of Mr Mac-Morlan, as the civil magistrate. But it would have given pain and offence to his father to have left him at a moment when he conceived himself beset with enemies. Young Hazlewood therefore gazed from a window with suppressed regret and displeasure, until he heard the officer give the word of command—"From the right to the front, by

files, m–a–rch. Leading file, to the right wheel—Trot."—The whole party then getting into a sharp and uniform pace, were soon lost among the trees, and the noise of their hoofs died speedily away in the distance.

CHAPTER IX.

> Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
> We garr'd the bars bang merrily,
> Until we came to the inner prison,
> Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.
>
> *Old Border Ballad.*

We return to Portanferry, and to Bertram and his honest-hearted friend, most innocent inhabitants of a place built for the guilty. The slumbers of the farmer were as sound as it was possible. But Bertram's first heavy sleep passed away long before midnight, nor could he again recover that state of oblivion. Added to the uncertain and uncomfortable state of his mind, his body felt feverish and oppressed. This was chiefly owing to the

close and confined air of the small apartment in which they slept. After enduring for some time the broiling and suffocating feeling attendant upon such an atmosphere, he rose to endeavour to open the window of the apartment, and thus to procure a change of air. Alas! the first trial reminded him that he was in jail, and that the building being contrived for security, not comfort, the means of procuring fresh air were not left at the disposal of the wretched inhabitants. Disappointed in this attempt, he stood by the unmanageable window for some time. Little Wasp, though oppressed with the fatigue of his journey on the preceding day, crept out of bed after his master, and stood by him rubbing his shaggy coat against his legs, and expressing, by a murmuring sound, the delight which he felt at being restored to him. Thus accompanied, and waiting until the feverish feeling which at present agitated his blood should subside into a desire for warmth and slumber, Bertram remained for

some time looking out upon the sea. The tide was now nearly full, and dashed hoarse and near below the base of the building. Now and then a large wave reached even the barrier or bulwark which defended the foundation of the house, and was flung upon it with greater force and noise than those which only broke upon the sand. Far at distance, under the indistinct light of a hazy and often over-clouded moon, the ocean rolled its multitudinous complication of waves, crossing, bursting, and mingling with each other. "A wild and dim spectacle," said Bertram to himself, "like those crossing tides of fate which have tossed me about the world from my infancy upwards. When will this uncertainty cease, and how soon shall I be permitted to look out for a tranquil home, where I may cultivate in quiet, and without dread and perplexity, those arts of peace from which my cares have been hitherto so forcibly diverted? The ear of Fancy, it is said, can discover the voice of sea-nymphs and

tritons amid the bursting murmurs of the ocean; would that I could do so, and that some syren or Proteus would arise from these billows to unriddle for me the strange maze of fate in which I am so deeply entangled!—Happy friend!" he said, looking at the bed where Dinmont had deposited his bulky person, "thy cares are confined to the narrow round of a healthy and thriving occupation! Thou canst lay them aside at pleasure, and enjoy the deep repose of body and mind which wholesome labour has prepared for thee!"

At this moment his reflections were broken by little Wasp, who, attempting to spring up against the window, began to yelp and bark most furiously. The sounds reached Dinmont's ears, but without dissipating the illusion which had transported him from this wretched apartment to the free air of his own green hills. "Hoy, Yarrow, man—far yaud—far yaud," he muttered between his teeth,

imagining, doubtless, that he was calling to his sheep-dog. The continued barking of the terrier within was answered by the angry challenge of the mastiff in the court-yard, which had for a long time been silent, excepting only an occasional short and deep note, uttered when the moon shone suddenly from among the clouds. Now, his clamour was continued and furious, and seemed to be excited by some disturbance, distinct from the barking of Wasp, which had first given him the alarm, and which, with much trouble, his master had contrived to still into an angry note of low growling. At last Bertram, whose attention was now fully awakened, conceived that he saw a boat upon the sea, and heard in good earnest the sound of oars and of human voices, mingling with the dash of the billows. "Some benighted fishermen," he thought, "or perhaps some of the desperate traders from the Isle of Man. They

are very hardy, however, to approach so near to the custom-house, where there must be centinels.—It is a large boat, like a long-boat, and full of people; perhaps it belongs to the revenue service." Bertram was confirmed in this last opinion, by observing that the boat made for a little quay which ran into the sea behind the custom-house, and, jumping ashore one after another, the crew, to the number of twenty hands, glided secretly up a small lane which divided the custom-house from the Bridewell, and disappeared from his sight, leaving only two persons to take care of the boat.

The dash of these men's oars at first, and latterly the suppressed sounds of their voices, had excited the wrath of the wakeful centinel in the court-yard, who now exalted his deep voice into such a horrid and continuous din, that it awakened his brute master, as savage a ban-dog as himself. His cry from a window, of "How

now, Tearum, what's the matter, sir?—down, d—n ye, down!" produced no abatement of Tearum's vociferation, which in part prevented his master from hearing the sounds of alarm which his ferocious vigilance was in the act of challenging. But the mate of the two-legged Cerberus was gifted with sharper ears than her husband. She also was now at the window; "B—t ye, gae down and let loose the dog," she said, "they're sporting the door of the custom-house, and the auld sap at Hazlewood-house has ordered off the guard. But ye hae nae mair heart than a cat." And down the Amazon sallied to perform the task herself, while her helpmate, more jealous of insurrection within doors, than of storm from without, went from cell to cell to see that the inhabitants of each were carefully secured.

These latter sounds with which we have made the reader acquainted, had their origin in front of the house, and were con-

sequently imperfectly heard by Bertram, whose apartment, as we have already noticed, looked from the back part of the building upon the sea. He heard, however, a stir and tumult in the house, which did not seem to accord with the stern seclusion of a prison at the hour of midnight, and could not but suppose that something extraordinary was about to take place. In this belief he shook Dinmont by the shoulder—"Eh!—Aye!—Oh!—Ailie, woman, it's no time to get up yet," groaned the sleeping man of the mountains. More roughly shaken, however, he gathered himself up, shook his ears, and asked, "In the name of Providence, what's the matter?"

"That I can't tell you," replied Bertram; "but either the place is on fire, or some extraordinary thing is about to happen. Do you hear what a noise there is of clashing doors within the house, and of hoarse voices, murmurs, and distant shouts on tbe outside? Upon my word,

I believe something very extraordinary has taken place—Get up for the love of Heaven, and let us be on our guard."

Dinmont rose at the idea of danger, as intrepid and undismayed as any of his ancestors when the beacon-light was kindled. "Odd, Captain, this is a queer place! they wunna let ye out in the day, and they wunna let ye sleep in the night. Deil, but it wad break my heart in a fortnight. But, Lordsake, what a rackit they're making now!—Odd, I wish we had some light.—Wasp—Wasp, whisht, hinny—whisht, my bonnie man, and let's hear what they're doing.—Deil's in ye, will ye whisht?"—They sought in vain among the embers the means of lighting their candle, and the noise without still continued. Dinmont in his turn had recourse to the window—"Lordsake, Captain! come here.—Odd, they hae broken the Custom-House."

Bertram hastened to the window, and plainly saw a miscellaneous crowd of smug-

glers, and blackguards of different descriptions, some carrying lighted torches, others bearing packages and barrels down the lane to the boat that was lying at the quay, to which two or three other fisher-boats were now brought round. They were loading each of these in their turn, and one or two had already put off to seaward. "This speaks for itself," said Bertram; "but I fear something worse has happened. Do you feel a strong smell of smoke, or is it my fancy?"

"Fancy?" answered Dinmont, "there's a reek like a killogie. Odd, if they burn the Custom-House, it will catch here, and we'll lunt like a tar-barrel a' thegither.—Eh! it wad be fearsome to be burnt alive for naething, like as if ane had been a warlock! Mac-Guffog, hear ye!"—roaring at the top of his voice, "an ye wad ever hae a haill bane in your skin, let's out, man! let's out!"

The fire began now to rise high, and thick clouds of smoke rolled past the window, at which Bertram and Dinmont were

stationed. Sometimes, as the wind pleased, the dim shroud of vapour hid every thing from their sight; sometimes a red glare illuminated both land and sea, and shone full on the stern and fierce figures, who, wild with ferocious activity, were engaged in loading the boats. The fire was at length triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the burning building, while huge flakes of burning materials came driving on the wind against the adjoining prison, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over all the neighbourhood. The shouts of a furious mob resounded far and wide; for the smugglers, in their triumph, were joined by all the rabble of the little town and neighbourhood, now aroused, and in complete agitation, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Bertram began to be seriously uneasy for their fate. There was no stir in the house; it seemed as if the jailor had deserted his charge, and left the prison with its wretched inhabitants to the mercy of

the conflagration which was spreading towards them. In the mean time a new and fierce attack was heard upon the outer gate of the correction-house, which, battered with sledge-hammers and crows, was soon forced. The keeper and his wife had fled; their servants readily surrendered the keys. The liberated prisoners, celebrating their deliverance with the wildest yells of joy, mingled among the mob which had given them freedom. In the midst of the confusion which ensued, three or four of the principal smugglers hurried to the apartment of Bertram with lighted torches, and armed with cutlasses and pistols.—"Der deyvil," said the leader, "here's our mark!" and two of them seized on Bertram; but one whispered in his ear, "Make no resistance till you are in the street." The same individual found an instant to say to Dinmont—"Follow your friend, and help when you see the time come."

In the hurry of the moment Dinmont obeyed and followed close. The two smug-

glers dragged Bertram along the passage, down stairs, through the court-yard, now illuminated by the glare of fire, and into the narrow street to which the gate opened, where, in the confusion, the gang were necessarily in some degree separated from each other. A rapid noise, as of a body of horse advancing, seemed to add to the confusion. "Hagel and wetter, what is that?" said the leader; "keep together, kinder, look to the prisoner."—But in spite of his charge, the two who held Bertram were the last of the party.

The sounds and signs of violence were heard in front. The press became furiously agitated, while some endeavoured to defend themselves, others to escape; shots were fired, and the glittering broadswords began to appear flashing above the heads of the rioters. "Now," said the warning voice, "shake off that fellow, and follow me."

Bertram, exerting his strength suddenly and effectually, easily burst from the grasp of the man who held his collar on

the right side. The fellow attempted to draw a pistol, but was prostrated by a blow of Dinmont's fist, which an ox could hardly have received without the same humiliation. "Follow me quick," said the friendly partizan, and dived through a very narrow and dirty lane which led from the street.

No pursuit took place. The attention of the smugglers was otherwise and very disagreeably engaged by the sudden appearance of Mac-Morlan and the party of horse. This indeed would have happened in time sufficient to have prevented the attempt, had not the magistrate received upon the road some false information, which led him to think that the smugglers were to be landed at the Bay of Ellangowan. Nearly two hours were lost in consequence of this false intelligence, which it may be no lack of charity to suppose that Glossin, so deeply interested in the issue of that night's daring attempt, had contrived to throw in Mac-Morlan's

way, availing himself of the knowledge that the soldiers had left Hazlewood-house, which would soon reach an ear so anxious as his.

In the mean time Bertram followed his guide, and was in his turn followed by Dinmont. The shouts of the mob, the trampling of the horses, the dropping pistol-shots, sunk more and more faintly upon their ears; when at the end of this lane they found a post-chaise with four horses. "Are you here, in God's name?" said the guide to the postillion who drove the leaders.

"Aye, troth am I, and I wish I were ony gate else."

"Open the carriage then—you gentlemen get into it—in a short time you'll be in a place of safety—and (to Bertram) remember your promise to the gypsey wife!"

Bertram, resolving to be passive in the hands of a person who had just rendered him such a distinguished piece of service,

got into the chaise as directed. Dinmont followed; Wasp, who had kept close by them, sprung in at the same time, and the carriage drove off very fast. "Have a care o' me," said Dinmont, "but this is the queerest thing yet!—Odd, I trust they'll no coup us—and then what's to come o' Dumple?—I would rather be on his back than in the Dewke's coach, God bless him."

Bertram observed, that they could not go at that rapid rate to any very great distance without changing horses, and that they might insist upon remaining till daylight at the first inn they stopped at, or at least upon being made acquainted with the purpose and termination of their journey, and Mr Dinmont might there give directions about his faithful horse.—"Aweel, aweel, e'en sae be it for Dandie.—Odd, if we were ance out o' this trindling kist o' a thing, I am thinking they wad find it hard wark to gar us gang ony gate but where we liked oursells."

While he thus spoke, the carriage making a sudden turn, showed them, through the left window, the village at some distance, but still widely beaconed by the fire, which, having reached a storehouse in which spirits were deposited, now rose high into the air, a wavering column of brilliant light. They had not long time to admire this spectacle, for another turn upon the road carried them into a close lane between plantations, through which the chaise proceeded in nearly total darkness, but with unabated speed.

CHAPTER X.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better.

Tam o' Shanter.

We must now return to Woodbourne, which, it may be remembered, we left just after the Colonel had given some directions to his confidential servant. When he returned, his absence of mind, and an unusual expression of thought and anxiety upon his features, struck the ladies whom he joined in the drawing-room. Mannering was not, however, a man to be questioned, even by those whom he most loved, upon the cause of the mental agitation which these signs expressed. The hour of tea arrived, and the party were parta-

king of that refreshment in silence, when a carriage drove up to the door, and the bell announced the arrival of a visitor. "Surely," said Mannering, "it is too soon by some hours."—

There was a short pause, when Barnes, opening the door of the saloon, announced Mr Pleydell. In marched the lawyer, whose well-brushed black coat, and well-powdered wig, together with his point ruffles, brown silk stockings, highly-varnished shoes, and gold buckles, exhibited the pains which the old gentleman had taken to prepare his person for the ladies' society. He was welcomed by Mannering with a hearty shake by the hand. "The very man I wished to see at this moment!"

"Yes, I told you I would take the first opportunity, so I have ventured to leave the court for a week in session time—no common sacrifice—but I had a notion I could be useful, and I was to attend a proof here about the same time.—But will

you not introduce me to the young ladies?—Ah! there is one I should have known at once from the family likeness! Miss Lucy Bertram, my love, I am most happy to see you."—And he folded her in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss on each side of the face, to which Lucy submitted in blushing resignation.—"*On n' arrete pas dans un si beau chemin*," continued the gay old gentleman, and, as the Colonel presented him to Julia, took the same liberty with that fair lady's cheek. Julia laughed, coloured, and disengaged herself. "I beg a thousand pardons," said the lawyer, with a bow which was not at all professionally awkward; "age and old fashions give privileges, and I can hardly say whether I am most sorry just now at being too well entitled to claim them at all, or happy in having such an opportunity to exercise them so agreeably."

"Upon my word, sir," said Miss Mannering, laughing, "if you make such flattering apologies, we shall begin to doubt

whether we can admit you to shelter yourself under your alleged qualifications."

"I can assure you, Julia," said the Colonel, "you are perfectly right, my friend the counsellor is a dangerous person; the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him, he was closetted with a fair lady who had granted him a *tete-a-tete* at eight in the morning."

"Aye, but, Colonel, you should add, I was more indebted to my chocolate than my charms for so distinguished a favour, from a person of such propriety of demeanour as Mrs Rebecca."

"And that should remind me, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, "to offer you tea—that is, supposing you have dined."

"Any thing, Miss Mannering, from your hands—yes, I have dined—that is to say, as people dine at a Scotch inn."

"And that is indifferently enough," said the Colonel, with his hand upon the bell-handle; "give me leave to order something."

"Why, to say truth, I had rather not; I have been enquiring into that matter, for you must know I stopped an instant below to pull off my boot-hose, 'a world too wide for my shrunk shanks,'' glancing down with some complacency upon limbs which looked very well for his time of life, "and I had some conversation with your Barnes, and a very intelligent person whom I presume to be the housekeeper, and it was settled among us—*tota re perspecta*—I beg Miss Mannering's pardon for my Latin—that the old lady should add to your light family-supper the more substantial refreshment of a brace of wild-ducks. I told her (always under deep submission) my poor thoughts about the sauce, and, if you please, I would rather wait till they are ready before eating any thing solid."

"And we will anticipate our usual hour of supper," said the Colonel.

"With all my heart," said Pleydell, "providing I don't lose the ladies' company a moment the sooner. I am of coun-

sel with my old friend B——; I love the *cœna*, the supper of the ancients, the pleasant meal and social glass that washes out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day."

The vivacity of Mr Pleydell's look and manner, and the quietness with which he put himself at home upon the subject of his little epicurean comforts, amused the ladies, but particularly Miss Mannering, who immediately gave the counsellor a great deal of flattering attention; and more pretty things were said on both sides during the service of the tea-table than we have leisure to repeat.

So soon as this was over, Mannering led the counsellor by the arm into a small study which opened from the saloon, and where, according to the custom of the family, there were always lights and a good fire in the evening.

"I see," said Mr Pleydell, "you have got something to tell me about the Ellan-

gowan business—Is it terrestrial or celestial? What says my military Albumazar? Have you calculated the course of futurity? have you consulted your Ephemerides, your Almochodon, your Almuten?"

"No, truly, counsellor, you are the only Ptolemy I intend to resort to upon the present occasion—a second Prospero, I have broke my staff, and drowned my book far beyond plummet depth. But I have great news notwithstanding. Meg Merrilies, our Egyptian sybil, has appeared to the Dominie this very day, and, as I conjecture, has frightened him not a little."——

"Indeed?"

"Aye, and she has done me the honour to open a correspondence with me, supposing me to be as deep in astrological mysteries as when we first met; here is her scroll, delivered to me by the Dominie."

Pleydell put on his spectacles. "A vile greasy scrawl, indeed—and the letters are uncial or semiuncial, as somebody calls

your large text hand, and in size and perpendicularity resemble the ribs of a roasted pig—I can hardly make it out."

"Read aloud," said Mannering.

"I will try:"——'*You are a good seeker, but a bad finder; you set yourself to prop a falling house, but had a gay guess it would rise again. Lend your hand to the wark that's near, as you lent your e'e to the weird that was far. Have a carriage this night by ten o'clock, at the end of the Crooked Dykes at Portanferry, and let it bring the folk to Woodbourne that shall ask them, if they be there* IN GOD'S NAME.'—Stay, here follows some poetry—

Dark shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

"A most mystic epistle truly, and closes in a vein of poetry worthy of the Cumæan sybil—And what have you done?"

"Why, I was loth to risk any opportunity of throwing light on this business. The woman is perhaps crazed, and these effusions may arise only from visions of her imagination;—but you were of opinion that she knew more of that strange story than she ever told."

"And so you sent a carriage to the place named?"

"You will laugh at me if I own I did."

"Who, I?—no, truly, I think it was the wisest thing you could do."

"Yes, and the worst is paying the chaise-hire—I sent a post-chaise and four from Kippletringan, with instructions corresponding to the letter—the horses will have a long and cold station upon the out-post to-night if our intelligence be false."

"O, but I think it will prove otherwise. This woman has played a part till she believes it; or, if she be a thorough-paced im-

postor, without a single grain of self-delusion to qualify her knavery, still she may think herself bound to act in character—this I know, that I could get nothing out of her by the common modes of interrogation, and the wisest thing we can do is to give her an opportunity of making the discovery her own way. And now have you more to say, or shall we go to the ladies?"

"Why, my mind is uncommonly agitated, and—but I really have no more to say—only I shall count the minutes till the carriage returns; but you cannot be expected to be so anxious."

"Why, no—use is all in all—I am much interested certainly, but I think I shall be able to survive the interval, if the ladies will afford us some music."

"And with the assistance of the wild-ducks by and bye?"

"True, Colonel; a lawyer's anxiety about the fate of the most interesting cause has

seldom spoilt either his sleep or digestion, and yet I shall be very eager to hear the rattle of these wheels on their return, notwithstanding."

So saying, he rose and led the way into the next room, where Miss Mannering, at his request, took her seat at the harpsichord. Lucy Bertram, who sung her native melodies very sweetly, was accompanied by her friend upon the instrument, and Julia afterwards performed some of Corelli's sonatas with great brilliancy. The old lawyer, scraping a little upon the violoncello, and being a member of the gentlemen's concert in Edinburgh, was so greatly delighted with this mode of spending the evening, that I doubt if he once thought of the wild-ducks until Barnes informed the company that supper was ready.

"Tell Mrs Allan to have something in readiness," said the Colonel—"I expect —that is, I hope—perhaps some person may be here to-night; and let the men sit

up, and do not lock the upper gate on the lawn until I desire you."

"Lord, sir," said Julia, "whom can you possibly expect to-night?"

"Why, some persons, strangers to me, talked of calling in the evening about business—it is quite uncertain."

"Well, we shall not pardon them disturbing our party, unless they bring as much good humour, and as susceptible hearts, as my friend and admirer, for so he has dubbed himself, Mr Pleydell."

"Ah, Miss Julia," said Pleydell, offering his arm with an air of gallantry to conduct her into the eating room, "the time has been—when I returned from Utrecht in the year 1738"——

"Pray don't talk of it—we like you much better as you are.—Utrecht, in heaven's name!—I dare say you have spent all the intervening years in getting rid so completely of the effects of your Dutch education."

"O, forgive me, Miss Mannering; the Dutch are a much more accomplished

people in point of gallantry than their volatile neighbours are willing to admit. They are constant as clock-work in their attentions."

"I should tire of that."

"Imperturbable in their good temper."

"Worse and worse."

"And then, although for six times three-hundred and sixty-five days, your swain has placed the capuchin round your neck, and the stove under your feet, and driven your little cabriole upon the ice in winter, and through the dust in summer, you may dismiss him at once, without reason or apology, upon the two thousand one hundred and ninetieth day, which, according to my hasty calculation, and without reckoning leap-years, will complete the cycle of the supposed adoration, and that without your amiable feelings having the slightest occasion to be alarmed for the consequences to those of Mynheer."

"Well, that last is truly a Dutch recommendation, Mr Pleydell—glasses and

hearts would lose all their merit in the world, if it were not for their fragility."

"Why, as to that, Miss Mannering, it is as difficult to find a heart that will break, as a glass that will not; and for that reason I would press the value of mine own—were it not that I see Mr Sampson's eyes have been closed, and his hands clasped for some time, attending the end of our conference to begin the grace—And, to say the truth, the appearance of the wild-ducks is very appetizing." So saying, the worthy counsellor sat himself to table, and laid aside his gallantry for a while, to do honour to the good things placed before him. Nothing further is recorded of him for some time, excepting an observation that the ducks were roasted to a single turn, and that Mrs Allan's sauce was beyond praise.

"I see," said Miss Mannering, "I have a formidable rival in Mr Pleydell's favour, even on the very first night of his avowed admiration."

"Pardon me, my fair lady, your avow-

ed rigour alone has induced me to commit the solecism of eating a good supper in your presence; how shall I support your frowns without reinforcing my strength? Upon the same principle, and no other, I will ask permission to drink wine with you."

"This is the fashion of Utrecht also, I suppose, Mr Pleydell?"

"Forgive me, madam; the French themselves, the patterns of all that is gallant, term their tavern-keepers *restaurateurs*, alluding, doubtless, to the relief they afford the disconsolate lover, when bowed down to the earth by his mistress's severity. My own case requires so much relief, that I must trouble you for that other wing, Mr Sampson, without prejudice to my afterwards applying to Miss Bertram for a tart;—be pleased to tear the wing, sir, instead of cutting it off—Mr Barnes will assist you, Mr Sampson—thank you, sir—and, Mr Barnes, a glass of ale if you please."

While the old gentleman, pleased with Miss Mannering's liveliness and attention, rattled away for her amusement and his own, the impatience of Colonel Mannering began to exceed all bounds. He declined sitting down at table, under pretence that he never eat supper; and traversed the parlour, in which they were, with hasty and impatient steps, now throwing up the window to gaze upon the dark lawn, now listening for the remote sound of the carriage advancing up the avenue. At length, in a feeling of uncontroulable impatience, he left the room, took his hat and cloak, and pursued his walk up the avenue, as if his so doing would hasten the approach of those whom he desired to see. "I really wish," said Miss Bertram, "Colonel Mannering would not venture out after night-fall. You must have heard, Mr Pleydell, what a cruel fright we had."

"O, with the smugglers?—they are old friends of mine. I was the means of bring-

ing some of them to justice a long time since."

"And then the alarm we had immediately afterwards from the vengeance of one of these wretches."

"When young Hazlewood was hurt—I heard of that too."

"Imagine, my dear Mr Pleydell, how much Miss Mannering and I were alarmed, when a ruffian, equally dreadful for his great strength, and the sternness of his features, rushed out upon us!"

"You must know, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, unable to suppress her resentment at this undesigned aspersion of her admirer, "that young Hazlewood is so handsome in the eyes of the young ladies of this country, that they think every person shocking who comes near him."

"Oho!" thought Pleydell, who was by profession an observer of tones and gestures, "there's something wrong here between my young friends.—Well, Miss Mannering, I have not seen young Hazlewood since he was a boy, so the ladies

may be perfectly right; but I can assure you, in spite of your scorn, that if you want to see handsome men you must go to Holland; the prettiest fellow I ever saw was a Dutchman, in spite of his being called Vanbost, or Vanbuster, or some such barbarous name. He won't be quite so handsome now, to be sure."

It was now Julia's turn to look a little out of countenance, but at that instant the Colonel entered the room. "I can hear nothing of them yet," he said; "still, however, we will not separate—Where is Dominie Sampson?"

"Here, honoured sir."

"What is that book you hold in your hand, Mr Sampson?"

"It's even the learned De Lyra, sir—I would crave his honour Mr Pleydell's judgment, always with his best leisure, to expound a disputed passage."

"I am not in the vein, Mr Sampson," answered Pleydell; "here's metal more attractive.—I do not despair to engage these two young ladies in a glee or a catch;

wherein I, even I myself, will adventure myself for the bass part—Hang De Lyra, man ; keep him for a fitter season."

The disappointed Dominie shut his ponderous tome, much marvelling in his mind how a person, possessed of the lawyer's erudition, could give his mind to these frivolous toys. But the counsellor, indifferent to the high character which he was trifling away, filled himself a large glass of Burgundy, and after preluding a little with a voice somewhat the worse for the wear, gave the ladies a courageous invitation to join in " We be three poor Mariners," and accomplished his own part therein with great eclat.

" Are you not withering your roses with sitting up so late, my young ladies ?" said the Colonel.

" Not a bit, sir," answered Julia ; " your friend Mr Pleydell threatens to become a pupil of Mr Sampson's to-morrow, so we must make the most of our conquest to-night."

This led to another musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversation. At length, when the solitary sound of one o'clock had long since resounded on the ebon ear of night, and the next signal of the advance of time was close approaching, Mannering, whose impatience had long subsided into disappointment and despair, looked his watch, and said, "We must now give them up"—when at that instant—But what then befell will require a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

Justice. This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gypsey told! ——————
No orphan, nor without a friend art thou——
I am thy father, *here's* thy mother, *there*
Thy uncle——*This* thy first cousin, and *these*
Are all thy near relations!

The Critic.

As Mannering replaced his watch, he heard a distant and hollow sound—"It is a carriage for certain—no, it is but the sound of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr Pleydell." The counsellor, who with his large silk handkerchief in his hand was expatiating away to Julia upon some subject he thought interesting, obeyed however the summons, first throwing the handkerchief round his neck by way of precaution against the cold air. The sound of

wheels became now very perceptible, and Pleydell, as if he had reserved all his curiosity till that moment, ran out to the hall. The Colonel rung for Barnes to desire that the persons who came in the carriage might be shown into a separate room, being altogether uncertain whom it might contain. It stopped however at the door, before his purpose could be fully explained. A moment after Mr Pleydell called out, "Here is our Liddesdale friend, I protest, with a strapping young fellow of the same calibre." His voice arrested Dinmont, who recognised him with equal surprise and pleasure. "Odd, if it's your honour, we'll a' be as right and tight as thack and rape can make us."

But while the farmer stopped to make his bow, Bertram, dizzied with the sudden glare of light, and bewildered with the circumstances of his situation, almost unconsciously entered the open door of the parlour, and confronted the Colonel, who

was just advancing towards it. The strong light of the apartment left no doubt of his identity, and he himself was equally confounded with the appearance of those to whom he so unexpectedly presented himself, as they were by the sight of so utterly unlooked-for an object. It must be remembered that each individual present had their own peculiar reasons for looking with terror upon what seemed at first sight a spectral apparition. Mannering saw before him the man whom he supposed he had killed in India; Julia beheld her lover in a most peculiar and hazardous situation; and Lucy Bertram at once knew the person who had fired upon young Hazlewood. Bertram, who interpreted the fixed and motionless astonishment of the Colonel into displeasure at his intrusion, hastened to say that it was involuntary, since he had been hurried hither without even knowing whither he was to be transported.

"Mr Brown, I believe!" said Colonel Mannering.

"Yes, sir, the same you knew in India; and who ventures to hope, that what you did then know of him is not such as should prevent his requesting you would favour him with your attestation to his character, as a gentleman and man of honour."

"Mr Brown—I have been seldom—never—so much surprised—certainly, sir, in what passed between us, you have a right to command my testimony."

At this critical moment entered the counsellor and Dinmont. The former beheld, to his astonishment, the Colonel but just recovering from his first surprise, Lucy Bertram ready to faint with terror, and Miss Mannering in an agony of doubt and apprehension, which she in vain endeavoured to disguise or suppress. "What is the meaning of all this?" said he; "has this young fellow brought the Gorgon's head in his hand?—let me look at him.—By heaven!" he muttered to himself, "the very image of old Ellangowan!—the witch has kept her word." Then instantly pass-

ing to Miss Bertram, "Look at that man, Lucy, my dear; have you never seen any one like him?"

Lucy had only ventured one glance at this object of terror, which, from his remarkable height and appearance, at once recognised the supposed assassin of young Hazlewood, and excluded, of course, the more favourable association of ideas which might have occurred on a closer view. "Don't ask me about him, sir; send him away, for heaven's sake! we shall all be murdered!"

"Murdered! where's the poker?"—said the advocate in some alarm; "but nonsense! we are three men besides the servants, and there is honest Liddesdale worth half-a-dozen to boot—we have the *major vis* upon our side—however, here, my friend Dandie—Davie—what do they call you?—keep between that fellow and us for the protection of the ladies."

"Lord! Mr Pleydell, that's Captain Brown; d'ye no ken the Captain?"

"Nay, if he's a friend of your's we may be safe enough; but keep near him."

All this passed with such rapidity, that it was over before the Dominie had recovered himself from a fit of absence, shut the book which he had been studying in a corner, and, advancing to obtain a sight of the strangers, exclaimed at once upon beholding Bertram, "If the grave can give up the dead, that is my dear and honoured master!"

"We're right after all, by heaven! I was sure I was right," said the lawyer; "he is the very image of his father.—Come, Colonel, what do you think of, that you do not bid your guest welcome? I think—I believe—I trust we're right—never saw such a likeness—but patience—Dominie, say not a word. Sit down, young gentleman."

"I beg pardon, sir; if I am, as I understand, in Colonel Mannering's house, I should wish first to know if my accidental

appearance here gives offence, or if I am welcome?"

Mannering instantly made an effort.—"Welcome? most certainly, especially if you can point out how I can serve you. I believe I may have some wrongs to repair towards you—I have often suspected so; but your sudden and unexpected appearance, connected with painful recollections, prevented my saying at first, as I now say, that whatever has procured me the honour of this visit, it is an acceptable one."

Bertram bowed with an air of distant, yet civil acknowledgment, to the grave courtesy of Mannering.

"Julia, my love, you had better retire. Mr Brown, you will excuse my daughter; there are circumstances which I perceive rush upon her recollection."

Miss Mannering rose and retired accordingly; yet, as she passed Bertram, could not suppress the words, "Infatuated! a second time!" but so pronounced as to be heard by him alone. Miss Ber-

tram accompanied her friend, much surprised, but without venturing a second glance at the object of her terror. Some mistake she saw there was, and was unwilling to increase it by denouncing the stranger as an assassin. He was known, she saw, to the Colonel, and received as a gentleman; certainly he either was not the person, or Hazlewood was right in supposing the shot accidental.

The remaining part of the company would have formed no bad group for a skilful painter. Each was too much embarrassed with his own sensations to observe those of the others. Bertram most unexpectedly found himself in the house of one whom he was alternately disposed to dislike as his personal enemy, and to respect as the father of Julia; Mannering was struggling between his high sense of courtesy and hospitality, his joy at finding himself relieved from the guilt of having shed life in a private quarrel, and the former feelings of dislike and prejudice,

which revived in his haughty mind at the sight of the object against whom he had entertained them; Sampson, supporting his shaking limbs by leaning on the back of a chair, fixed his eyes upon Bertram, with a staring expression of nervous anxiety which convulsed his whole visage; Dinmont, clothed in his loose shaggy great-coat, and resembling a huge bear erect upon his hinder legs, stared on the whole scene with great round eyes that witnessed his amazement.

The counsellor alone was in his element, shrewd, prompt, and active; he already calculated the prospect of brilliant success in a strange, eventful, and mysterious law-suit, and no young monarch, flushed with hopes, and at the head of a gallant army, could experience more glee when taking the field on his first campaign. He bustled about with great energy, and took the arrangement of the whole explanation upon himself. "Come, come, gentlemen, sit down; this is all in my province; you

must let me arrange it for you. Sit down, my dear Colonel, and let me manage; sit down, Mr Brown, *aut quocunque alio nomine vocaris*—Dominie, take your seat—draw in your chair, honest Liddesdale."

"I dinna ken, Mr Pleydell," said Dinmont, looking at his dreadnought coat, then at the handsome furniture of the room, "I had maybe better gang some gate else, and leave ye till your cracks—I'm no just that weel put on."

The Colonel, who by this time recognized Dandie, immediately went up and bid him heartily welcome; assuring him, that from what he had seen of him in Edinburgh, he was sure his rough coat and thick-soled boots would honour a royal drawing-room.

"Na, na, Colonel, we're just plain up-the-country folk; but nae doubt I would fain hear o' ony pleasure that was gaun to happen the Captain, and I'm sure a' will gae right if Mr Pleydell will take his bit job in hand."

"You're right, Dandie—spoke like a hie-

land oracle—and now be silent.—Well, you are all seated at last; take a glass of wine till I begin my catechism methodically. And now," turning to Bertram, "my dear boy, do you know who or what you are?"

In spite of his perplexity, the catechumen could not help laughing at this commencement, and answered, "Indeed, sir, I formerly thought I did; but I own late circumstances have made me somewhat uncertain."

"Then tell us what you formerly thought yourself."

"Why, I was in the habit of thinking and calling myself Vanbeest Brown, who served as a cadet or volunteer under Colonel Mannering, when he commanded the —— regiment, in which capacity I was not unknown to him."

"There," said the Colonel, "I can assure Mr Brown of his identity; and add, what his modesty may have forgotten, that he was distinguished as a young man of talent and spirit."

"So much the better, my dear sir; but that is to general character—Mr Brown must tell us where he was born."

"In Scotland, I believe, but the place uncertain."

"Where educated?"

"In Holland, certainly."

"Do you remember nothing of your early life before you left Scotland?"

"Very imperfectly; yet I have a strong idea, perhaps more deeply impressed upon me by subsequent hard usage, that I was during my childhood the object of much solicitude and affection. I have an indistinct remembr nce of a good-looking man whom I used to call papa, and of a lady who was infirm in health, and who, I think, must have been my mother; but it is an imperfect and confused recollection—I remember too a tall thin man in black, who used to teach me my letters and walk out with me; and I think the very last time"—

Here the Dominie could contain no

longer. While every succeeding word served to prove that the child of his benefactor stood before him, he had struggled with the utmost difficulty to suppress his emotions; but, when the juvenile recollections of Bertram turned towards his tutor and his precepts, he was compelled to give way to his feelings. He rose hastily from his chair, and with clasped hands, trembling limbs, and streaming eyes, called out aloud, " Harry Bertram!—look at me—was I not the man?"

" Yes!" said Bertram, starting from his seat as if a sudden light had burst in upon his mind, " Yes—that was my name!—and that is the voice and the figure of my kind old master!"

The Dominie threw himself into his arms, pressed him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport, which shook his whole frame, sobbed hysterically, and, at length, in the emphatic language of scripture, lifted up his voice and

wept aloud. Colonel Mannering had recourse to his handkerchief; Pleydell made wry faces, and wiped the glasses of his spectacles; and honest Dinmont, after two loud blubbering explosions, exclaimed, "Deil's in the man! he's garr'd me do that I hae na done since my auld mither died."—

"Come, come," said the counsellor at last, "silence in the court.—We have a clever party to contend with, we must lose no time in gathering our information—for any thing I know there may be something to be done before day-break."

"I will order a horse to be saddled, if you please," said the Colonel.

"No, no, time enough—time enough—but come, Dominie, I have allowed you a competent space to express your feelings. I must circumduce the term—you must let me proceed in my examination."

The Dominie was habitually obedient to any one who chose to impose commands

upon him; he sunk back into his chair, spread his chequed handkerchief over his face, to serve, as I suppose, for the Grecian painter's veil, and, from the action of his folded hands, appeared for a time engaged in the act of mental thanksgiving. He then raised his eyes over the screen, as if to be assured that the pleasing apparition had not melted into air—then again sunk them to resume his internal act of devotion, until he felt himself compelled to give attention to the counsellor, from the interest which his questions excited.

"And now," said Mr Pleydell, after several minute enquiries concerning his recollection of early events—"And now, Mr Bertram, for I think we ought in future to call you by your own proper name, will you have the goodness to let us know every particular which you can recollect concerning the mode of your leaving Scotland?"

"Indeed, sir, to say the truth, though the terrible outlines of that day are strong-

ly impressed upon my memory, yet somehow the very terror which fixed them there has in a great measure confounded and confused the details. I recollect, however, that I was walking somewhere or other—in a wood, I think"—

"O yes, it was in Warroch-wood, my dear," said the Dominie.

"Hush, Mr Sampson," said the lawyer.

"Yes, it was in a wood—and some one was with me—this kind-hearted gentleman, I think."

"O, ay, ay, Harry, Lord bless thee—it was even I myself."

"Be silent, Dominie, and don't interrupt the evidence," said Pleydell;—"And so, sir?" to Bertram.

"And so, sir, like one of the changes of a dream, I thought I was on horseback before my guide."

"No, no," exclaimed Sampson, "never did I put my own limbs, not to say thine, into such peril."

"On my word this is intolerable!—Look ye, Dominie, if you speak another word till I give you leave, I will read three sentences out of the Black Acts, whisk my cane round my head three times, undo all the magic of this night's work, and conjure Harry Bertram back again into Vanbeest Brown."

"Honoured and worthy sir, I humbly crave pardon—it was but *verbum volans*."

"Well, *nolens volens*, you must hold your tongue."

"Pray, be silent, Mr Sampson," said the Colonel; "it is of great consequence to your recovered friend, that you permit Mr Pleydell to proceed in his enquiries."

"I am mute," said the rebuked Dominie.

"On a sudden," continued Brown, "two or three men sprung out upon us, and we were pulled from horseback. I have little recollection of any thing else, but that I tried to escape in the midst of a desperate

scuffle, and fell into the arms of a very tall woman who started from the bushes, and protected me for some time—the rest is all confusion and dread—a dim recollection of a sea-beach, and a cave, and of some strong potion which lulled me to sleep for a length of time. In short, it is all a blank in my memory, until I recollect myself first an ill-used and half-starved cabin-boy aboard a sloop, and then a school-boy in Holland under the protection of an old merchant, who had taken some fancy for me."

"And what account did your guardian give of your parentage?"

"A very brief one, and a charge to enquire no farther. I was given to understand, that my father was concerned in the smuggling trade carried on on the eastern coast of Scotland, and was killed in a skirmish with the revenue officers; that his correspondents in Holland had a vessel on the coast at the time, part of the crew of which were engaged in the affair, and brought me off after it was over, from

a motive of compassion, as I was left destitute by my father's death. As I grew older there was much of this story seemed inconsistent with my own recollections, but what could I do? I had no means of ascertaining my doubts, nor a single friend with whom I could communicate or canvass them. The rest of my story is known to Colonel Mannering; I went out to India to be a clerk in a Dutch house; their affairs fell into confusion—I betook myself to the military profession, and, I trust, as yet I have not disgraced it."

"Thou art a fine young fellow, I'll be bound for thee," said Pleydell, "and since you have wanted a father so long, I wish from my heart I could claim the paternity myself. But this affair of young Hazlewood"——

"Was merely accidental," said Brown; "I was travelling in Scotland for pleasure, and after a week's residence with my friend Mr Dinmont, with whom I had the good

fortune to form an accidental acquaintance"——

"It was my gude fortune that," said Dinmont; "odd, my brains wad hae been knockit out by twa blackguards, if it hadna been for his four quarters."

"Shortly after we parted at the town of ——, I lost my baggage by thieves, and it was while residing at Kippletringan I accidentally met the young gentleman. As I was approaching to pay my respects to Miss Mannering, whom I had known in India, Mr Hazlewood, conceiving my appearance none of the most respectable, commanded me rather haughtily to stand back, and so gave occasion to the fray in which I had the misfortune to be the accidental means of wounding him.——And now, sir, that I have answered all your questions"——

"No, no, not quite all," said Pleydell, winking sagaciously; "there are some interrogatories which I shall delay till to-

morrow, for it is time, I believe, to close the sederunt for this night, or rather morning."

"Well then, sir, to vary the phrase, since I have answered all the questions which you have chosen to ask to-night, will you be so good as to tell me who you are that take such interest in my affairs, and who you take me to be, since my arrival has occasioned such commotion?"

"Why, sir, for myself, I am Paulus Pleydell, an advocate at the Scottish bar; and for you, it is not easy to say distinctly who you are at present; but I trust in a short time, to hail you by the title of Henry Bertram, Esq. representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and heir of tailzie and provision to the estate of Ellangowan—Aye," continued he, shutting his eyes and speaking to himself, "we must pass over his father, and serve him heir to his grand-father Lewis, the entailer—the only wise man of his fa-

mily that I ever heard of." They had now risen to retire to their apartments for the night, when Colonel Mannering walked up to Bertram, as he stood astonished at the counsellor's words. "I give you joy," he said, "of the prospects which fate has opened before you. I was an early friend of your father, and chanced to be in the house of Ellangowan as unexpectedly as you are now in mine, upon the very night in which you were born. I little knew this circumstance when—but I trust unkindness will be forgotten between us. Believe me, your appearance here, as Mr Brown, alive and well, has relieved me from most painful sensations; and your right to the name of an old friend renders your presence, as Mr Bertram, doubly welcome."

"And my parents?" said Bertram.

"Are both no more—and the family property has been sold, but I trust may be recovered. Whatever is wanted to

make your right effectual, I shall be most happy to supply."

"Nay, you may leave all that to me," said the counsellor; "'tis my vocation, Hal, I shall make money of it."

"I'm sure it's no for the like o' me," observed Dinmont, "to speak to you gentle-folks; but if siller would help on the Captain's plea, and they say nae plea gangs on weel without it"——

"Except on Saturday night," said Pleydell.

"Aye, but when your honour wadna take your fee ye wadna hae the cause neither, sae I'll ne'er fash ye on a Saturday at e'en again — but I was saying, there's some siller in this spleuchan that's like the Captain's ain, for we've aye counted it such, baith Ailie and me."

"No, no, Liddesdale—no occasion, no occasion whatever—keep thy cash to stock thy farm."

"To stock my farm? Mr Pleydell, your honour kens mony things, but ye

dinna ken the farm o' Charlies-hope—it's sae weel stocked already, that we sell may be sax hundred pounds off it ilka year, flesh and fell thegither—na, na."

"Can't you take another then?"

"I dinna ken—the Dewke's no that fond o' led farms, and he canna bide to put away the auld tenantry; and then I wadna like mysell to gang about whistling and raising the rent on my neighbours."

"What, not upon thy neighbour at Dawston—Devilstone—how d'ye call the place?

"What, on Jock o' Dawston? hout na—he's a camsteary chield, and fasheous about marches, and we've had some bits o' splores thegither; but de'il o' me if I wad wrang Jock o' Dawston neither."

"Thou'rt an honest fellow," said the lawyer; "get thee to bed. Thou wilt sleep sounder, I warrant thee, than many a man that throws off an embroidered coat, and puts on a laced night-cap.—Colonel, I see

you are busy with our *Enfant trouvé*. But Barnes must give me a summons of wakening at seven to-morrow morning, for my servant's a sleepy-headed fellow; and I dare say Driver's had Clarence's fate, drowned by this time in a butt of your ale; for Mrs Allan promised to make him comfortable, and she'll soon discover what he expects from that engagement. Good night, Colonel—good night, Dominie Sampson—good night, Dinmont the downright—good night, last of all, to the new-found representative of the Bertrams, and the Mac-Dingawaies, the Knarths, the Arths, the Godfreys, the Dennises, and the Rolands, and, last and dearest title, heir of tailzie and provision of the lands and barony of Ellangowan, under the settlement of Lewis Bertram, Esq. whose representative you are."

And so saying, the old gentleman took his candle and left the room; and the company dispersed after the Dominie had

once more hugged and embraced his "little Harry Bertram," as he continued to call the young soldier of six feet high.

CHAPTER XII.

——— My imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram's;
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away.———

All's well that ends well.

At the hour which he had appointed the preceding evening, the indefatigable lawyer was seated by a good fire, and a pair of wax candles, with a velvet cap upon his head, and a quilted silk night-gown on his person, busy arranging his *memoranda* of proofs and indications concerning the murder of Frank Kennedy. An express had also been dispatched to Mr Mac-Morlan, requesting his attendance at Woodbourne as soon as possible, upon business of importance. Dinmont, fatigued with the events of the evening

before, and finding the accommodations of Woodbourne much preferable to those of Mac-Guffog, was in no hurry to rise. The impatience of Bertram might have put him earlier in motion, but Colonel Mannering had intimated an intention to visit him in his apartment in the morning, and he did not chuse to leave it. Before this interview he had dressed himself, Barnes having, by his master's orders, supplied him with every accommodation of linen, &c. and now anxiously waited the promised visit of his landlord.

In a short time a gentle tap announced the Colonel, with whom Bertram held a long and satisfactory conversation. Each, however, concealed from the other one circumstance. Mannering could not bring himself to acknowledge the astrological prediction; and Bertram was, for motives which may be easily conceived, silent respecting his love for Julia. In other respects, their intercoure was frank and grateful to both, and had latterly, upon

the Colonel's part, even an approach to cordiality. Bertram carefully measured his own conduct by that of his host, and seemed rather to receive his offered kindness with gratitude and pleasure, than to press for it with solicitation.

Miss Bertram was in the breakfast parlour when Sampson shuffled in, his face all radiant with smiles; a circumstance so uncommon, that Lucy's first idea was, that somebody had been bantering him with an imposition, which had thrown him into this extacy. Having sate for some time, rolling his eyes and gaping with his mouth like the great wooden head at Merlin's exhibition, he at length began—"And what do you think of him, Miss Lucy?"

"Think of whom, Mr Sampson?"

"Of Har—no—of him that you know about?"

"That I know about?"

"Yes, the stranger, you know, that came last evening in the post vehicle—

he who shot young Hazlewood—ha, ha, ho!"

"Indeed, Mr Sampson, you have chosen a strange subject for mirth—I think nothing about the man, only I hope the outrage was accidental, and that we need not fear a repetition of it."

"Accidental! ho, ho, ha!"

"Really, Mr Sampson," said Lucy, somewhat piqued, "you are unusually gay this morning."

"Yes, of a surety I am! ha, ha, ho! face-ti-ous—ho, ho, ha!"

"So unusually facetious, my dear sir, that I would wish rather to know the meaning of your mirth, than to be amused with its effects only."

"You shall know it, Miss Lucy—Do you remember your brother?"

"Good God! how can you ask me?—no one knows better than you, he was lost the very day I was born."

"Very true, very true," answered the Dominie, saddening at the recollection,

"I was strangely oblivious—aye, aye—too true—But you remember your worthy father?"

"How should you doubt it, Mr Sampson? it's not so many weeks since"——

"True, true—aye, too true—I will be facetious no more under these remembrances—but look at that young man!"—

Bertram at this instant entered the room. "Yes, look at him well—he is your father's living image; and as God has deprived you of your dear parents—O my children, love one another!"

"It is indeed my father's face and form," said Lucy, turning very pale; Bertram ran to support her—the Dominie to fetch water to throw upon her face—(which in his haste he took from the boiling tea-urn) when fortunately her colour returning rapidly, saved her from the application of this ill-judged remedy. "I conjure you to tell me, Mr Sampson," she said, in an interrupted yet solemn voice, "is this my brother?"

"It is—it is!—Miss Lucy, it is little Harry Bertram, as sure as God's sun is in that Heaven!"

"And this is my sister?" said Bertram, giving way to all that family affection which had so long slumbered in his bosom for want of an object to expand itself upon—

"It is—it is!—it is Miss Lucy Bertram, whom by my poor aid you will find perfect in the tongues of France, and Italy, and even of Spain—in reading and writing her vernacular tongue, and in arithmetic and book-keeping by double and single entry—I say nothing of her talents of shaping, and hemming, and governing a household, which, to give every one their due, she acquired not from me, but from the housekeeper—nor do I take merit for her performance upon stringed instruments, whereunto the instructions of an honourable young lady of virtue and modesty, and very facetious withal—Miss

Julia Mannering—hath not meanly contributed—*Suum cuique tribuito.*"

"You then," said Bertram to his sister, "are all that remains to me!—Last night, but more fully this morning, Colonel Mannering gave me an account of our family misfortunes, though without saying I should find my sister here."

"That," said Lucy, "he left to this gentleman to tell you, one of the kindest and most faithful of friends, who soothed my father's long sickness, witnessed his dying moments, and amid the heaviest clouds of fortune would not desert his orphan."

"God bless him for it!" said Bertram, shaking the Dominie's hand, "he deserves the love with which I have always regarded even the shadow of his memory which my childhood retained."

"And God bless you both, my dear children," said Sampson; "if it had not been for your sake, I would have been contented (had Heaven's pleasure so been)

to lay my head upon the turf beside my patron."

"But, I trust," said Bertram, "I am encouraged to hope we shall all see better days. All our wrongs shall be redressed, since Heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right."

"Friends indeed!" echoed the Dominie, "and sent, as you truly say, by HIM, to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good. There is the great Colonel Mannering from the Eastern Indies, who is a man of great erudition considering his imperfect opportunities; and there is, moreover, the great advocate Mr Pleydell, who is also a man of great erudition, but who descendeth to trifles unbeseeming thereof; and there is Mr Andrew Dinmont, whom I do not understand to have possession of much erudition, but who, like the patriarchs of old, is cunning in that which belongeth to flocks and herds—Lastly, there is even I myself, whose opportunities of collect-

ing erudition, as they have been greater than those of the aforesaid valuable persons, have not, if it becomes me to speak, been pretermitted by me in so far as my poor faculties have enabled me to profit by them.—Of a surety, little Harry, we must speedily resume our studies. I will begin from the foundation—Yes, I will reform your education upward from the true knowledge of English grammar, even to that of the Hebrew or Chaldaic tongue."

The reader may observe, that, upon this occasion, Sampson was infinitely more profuse of words than he had hitherto exhibited himself. The reason was, that in recovering his pupil his mind went instantly back to their original connection, and he had, in his confusion of ideas, the strongest desire in the world to resume spelling-lessons and half-text with young Bertram. This was the more ridiculous, as towards Lucy he assumed no such powers of tuition. But she had grown up under his eye, and had been gradually emancipated by increase in

years and knowledge from his government, whereas his first ideas went to take up Harry pretty nearly where he had left him. From the same feelings of reviving authority, he indulged himself in what was to him a profusion of language; and as people seldom speak more than usual without exposing themselves, he gave those whom he addressed plainly to understand, that while he deferred implicitly to the opinions and commands, if they chose to impose them, of almost every one whom he met with, it was under an internal conviction, that in the article of eru-di-ti-on, as he usually pronounced the word, he was infinitely superior to them all put together. At present, however, this intimation fell upon heedless ears, for the brother and sister were too deeply engaged in asking and receiving intelligence concerning their former fortunes to attend to it.

When Colonel Mannering left Bertram, he went to Julia's dressing-room, and dismissed her attendant. "My dear sir," she said as he entered, "you have forgot our

vigils last night, and have hardly allowed me to comb my hair, although you must be sensible how it stood on end at the various wonders which took place."

"It is with the inside of your head that I have some business at present, Julia; I will return the outside to the care of your Mrs Mincing in a few minutes."

"Lord, papa, think how entangled all my ideas are, and you to propose to comb them out in a few minutes! If Mincing was to do so in her department, she would tear half the hair out of my head."

"Well then, tell me where the entanglement lies, which I will try to extricate with due gentleness?"

"O, every where—the whole is a wild dream."

"Well then, I will try to unriddle it."—He gave a brief sketch of the fate and prospects of Bertram, to which Julia listened with an interest which she in vain endeavoured to disguise—"Well, are your ideas on the subject more luminous?"

"More confused than ever, my dear

sir—Here is this young man come from India, after he had been supposed dead, like Aboulfouaris the great voyager to his sister Canzade and his brother Hour. I am wrong in the story, I believe—Canzade was his wife—but Lucy may represent the one, and the Dominie the other. And then this lively crack-brained Scotch lawyer appears like a pantomime at the end of a tragedy—And then how delightful it will be if Lucy gets back her fortune!"

"Now I think," said the Colonel, "that the most mysterious part of the business is, that Miss Julia Mannering, who must have known her father's anxiety about the fate of this young man Brown, or Bertram, as we must now call him, should have met him when Hazlewood's accident took place, and never once mentioned to her father a word of the matter, but suffered the search to proceed against this young gentleman as a suspicious character and assassin."

Julia, much of whose courage had been hastily assumed to meet the interview

with her father, was now unable to rally herself; she hung down her head in silence, after in vain attempting to utter a denial that she recollected Brown when she met him.

"No answer!—Well, Julia, allow me to ask you, Is this the only time you have seen Brown since his return from India?—Still no answer. I must then naturally suppose that it is *not* the first time?—Still no reply. Julia Mannering, will you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your window and conversed with you during your residence at Mervyn-Hall? Julia—I command—I entreat you to be candid."

Miss Mannering raised her head. "I have been, sir—I believe I am still very foolish—and it is perhaps more hard upon me that I must meet this gentleman, who has been, though not the cause entirely, yet the accomplice of my folly, in your presence."—Here she made a full stop.

"I am to understand, then, that this was the author of the serenade?"

There was something in this allusive change of epithet that gave Julia a little more courage—"He was indeed, sir; and if I am very wrong, as I have often thought, I have some apology."

"And what is that?" answered the Colonel, speaking quick and with something of harshness.

"I will not venture to name it, sir—but"—She opened a small cabinet, and put some letters into his hands; "I will give you these that you may see how this intimacy began, and by whom it was encouraged."

Mannering took the packet to the window—his pride forbade a more distant retreat—he glanced at some passages of the letters with an unsteady eye and an agitated mind—his stoicism, however, came in time to his aid; that philosophy, which, rooted in pride, yet frequently bears the fruits of virtue. He returned towards his daughter with as firm an air as his feelings permitted him to assume.

"There is great apology for you, Julia,

as far as I can judge from a glance at these letters—you have obeyed at least one parent. Let us adopt a Scotch proverb the Dominie quoted the other day—'Let bygones be bygones.'—I will never upbraid you with want of confidence—do you judge of my intentions by my actions, of which hitherto you have surely had no reason to complain. Keep these letters—they were never intended for my eye, and I would not willingly read more of them than I have done, at your desire and for your exculpation.—And now, are we friends? Or rather do you understand me?"

"O my dear, generous father," said Julia, throwing herself into his arms, "why have I ever for an instant misunderstood you?"

"No more of that, Julia; he that is too proud to vindicate the affection and confidence which he conceives should be given without solicitation, must meet much, and

perhaps deserved disappointment. It is enough, that one dearest and most regretted member of my family has gone to the grave without knowing me; let me not lose the confidence of a child, who ought to love me if she really loves herself."

"O no danger--no fear! let me but have your approbation and my own, and there is no rule you can prescribe so severe that I will not follow."

"Well, my love," kissing her forehead, "I trust we shall not call upon you for any thing too heroic. With respect to this young gentleman's addresses, I expect in the first place that all clandestine correspondence—which no young woman can entertain for a moment without lessening herself in her own eyes, and in those of her lover—I request, I say, that clandestine correspondence of every kind may be given up, and that you will refer Mr Bertram to me for the reason. You will naturally wish to know what is to be the issue

of such a reference. In the first place, I desire to observe this young gentleman's character more closely than circumstances, and perhaps my own prejudices, have permitted formerly—I should also be glad to see his birth established. Not that I am anxious about his getting the estate of Ellangowan, though such a subject is held in absolute indifference no where except in a novel; but certainly Henry Bertram, heir of Ellangowan, whether possessed of the property of his ancestors or not, is a very different person from Vanbeest Brown, the son of nobody at all. His fathers, Mr Pleydell tells me, are distinguished in history as following the banners of their native princes, while our own fought at Cressy and Poictiers. In short, I neither give nor withhold my approbation, but I expect you will redeem past errors; and as you can now unfortunately only have recourse to *one* parent, that you will shew the duty of a child, by reposing that confidence in me, which I will say my incli-

nation to make you happy renders a filial debt upon your part."

The first part of this speech affected Julia a good deal; the comparative merit of the ancestors of the Bertrams and Mannerings excited a secret smile, but the conclusion was such as to affect a heart peculiarly open to the feelings of generosity. "No, my dear sir," she said, extending her hand, "receive my faith, that from this moment you shall be the first person consulted respecting what shall pass in future between Brown—I mean Bertram—and me; and that no engagement shall be undertaken by me, excepting what you shall immediately know and approve of. May I ask—if Mr Bertram is to continue a guest at Woodbourne?"

"Certainly, while his affairs render it advisable."

"Then, sir, you must be sensible, considering what is already past, that he will expect some reason for my withdrawing

—I believe I must say the encouragement, which he may think I have given."

"I expect, Julia, that he will respect my roof, and entertain some sense perhaps of the services I am about to render him, and so will not insist upon any course of conduct of which I might have reason to complain; and I expect of you, that you will make him sensible of what is due to both."

"Then, sir, I understand you, and you shall be implicitly obeyed."

"Thank you, my love; my anxiety (kissing her) is on your account.—Now wipe these witnesses from your eyes, and so to breakfast."

CHAPTER XIII.

And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to you,
That I will by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal.

First Part of Henry IV.

When the several bye-plays, as they may be termed, had taken place among the individuals of the Woodbourne family, as we have intimated in the preceding chapter, the breakfast party at length assembled. There was an obvious air of constraint on the greater part of the assistants. Julia dared not raise her voice in asking Bertram if he chose another cup of tea. Bertram felt embarrassed while eating his toast and butter under the eye of Mannering. Lucy, while she indulged to the uttermost her affection for her recover-

ed brother, began to think of the quarrel betwixt him and Hazlewood. The Colonel felt the painful anxiety natural to a proud mind, when it deems its slightest action subject for a moment to the watchful construction of others. The lawyer, while sedulously buttering his roll, had an aspect of unwonted gravity, arising, perhaps, from the severity of his morning studies. As for the Dominie, his state of mind was ecstatic!—He looked at Bertram—he looked at Lucy—he whimpered—he sniggled—he grinned—he committed all manner of solecisms in point of form—poured the whole cream (no unlucky mistake) upon the plate of porridge, which was his own usual breakfast—threw the slops of what he called his "crowning dish of tea" into the sugar-dish instead of the slop-bason, and concluded with spilling the scalding liquor upon old Plato, the Colonel's favourite spaniel, who received the libation with a howl that did little honour to his philosophy.

The Colonel's equanimity was rather shaken by this last blunder. "Upon my word, my good friend, Mr Sampson, you forget the difference between Plato and Zenocrates."

"The former was chief of the academics, the latter of the stoics," said the Dominie, with some scorn of the supposition.

"Yes, my dear sir, but it was Zenocrates, not Plato, who denied that pain was an evil."

"I should have thought," said Pleydell, "that very respectable quadruped, which is just now limping out of the room upon three of his four legs, was rather of the Cynic school."

"Very well hit off——But here comes an answer from Mac-Morlan."

It was unfavourable. Mrs Mac-Morlan sent her respectful compliments, and her husband had been, and was, detained, by some alarming disturbances which had taken place the preceding night at Portan-

ferry, and the necessary investigation which they had occasioned.

"What's to be done now, Counsellor?" said the Colonel to Pleydell.

"Why, I wish we could have seen Mac-Morlan, who is a sensible fellow himself, and would besides have acted under my advice. But there is little harm. Our friend here must be made *sui juris*—he is at present an escaped prisoner; the law has an awkward claim upon him; he must be placed *rectus in curia*, that is the first object. For which purpose, Colonel, I will accompany you in your carriage down to Hazlewood-house. The distance is not great; we will offer our bail; and I am confident I can easily shew Mr —— I beg his pardon—Sir Robert Hazlewood, the necessity of receiving it."

"With all my heart," said the Colonel; and, ringing the bell, gave the necessary orders. "And what is next to be done?"

"We must get hold of Mac-Morlan, and look out for more proof."

"Proof! the thing is as clear as daylight—here's Mr Sampson and Miss Bertram, and you yourself, at once recognise the young gentleman as his father's image; and he himself recollects all the very peculiar circumstances preceding his leaving this country—What else is necessary to conviction?"

"To moral conviction nothing more, perhaps, but for legal proof a great deal. Mr Bertram's recollections are his own recollections merely, and therefore not evidence in his own favour; Miss Bertram, the learned Mr Sampson, and I, can only say, what every one who knew the late Ellangowan will readily agree in, that this gentleman is his very picture—But that will not make him Ellangowan's son, and give him the estate."

"And what will do so?"

"Why, we must have a distinct probation.—There's these gypsies, but then, alas! they are almost infamous in the eye of law—scarce capable of bearing evidence,

and Meg Merrilies utterly so, by the various accounts which she formerly gave of the matter, and her impudent denial of all knowledge of the fact when I examined her respecting it."

"What must be done then?"

"We must try what proof can be got at in Holland, among the persons by whom our young friend was educated.—But then the fear of being called in question for the murder may make them silent; or if they speak, they are either foreigners or outlawed smugglers.—In short, I see doubts."

"Under favour, most learned and honoured sir," said the Dominie, "I trust He, who hath restored little Harry Bertram to his friends, will not leave his own work imperfect."

"I trust so too, Mr Sampson; but we must use means; and I am afraid we shall have more difficulty in procuring them than I at first thought.—But a faint heart never won a fair lady—and, by the way,

(apart to Miss Mannering, while Bertram was engaged with his sister), there's a vindication of Holland for you! what smart fellows do you think Leyden and Utrecht must send forth, when such a very genteel and handsome young man comes from the paltry schools of Middleburgh?"

"Of a verity," said the Dominie, jealous of the reputation of the Dutch seminary, "Of a verity, Mr Pleydell, but I make it known to you that I myself laid the foundation of his education."

"True, my dear Dominie, that accounts for his proficiency in the graces without question—but here comes your carriage, Colonel. Adieu, young folks: Miss Julia, keep your heart till I come back again—let there be nothing done to prejudice my right, whilst I am *non valens agere*."

Their reception at Hazlewood-house was more cold and formal than usual, for in general the Baronet expressed great respect for Colonel Mannering, and Mr Pleydell was an old friend. But now he

seemed dry and embarrassed in his manner. "He would willingly," he said, "receive bail, notwithstanding that the offence had been directly perpetrated, committed, and done against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood; but the young man had given himself a fictitious description, and was altogether that sort of person, who should not be liberated, discharged, or let loose upon society; and therefore"——

"I hope, Sir Robert Hazlewood," said the Colonel, "you do not mean to doubt my word, when I assure you that he served under me as cadet in India?"

"By no means or account whatsoever. But you call him a cadet; now he says, avers, and upholds, that he was a captain, or held a troop in your regiment."

"He was promoted since I gave up the command."

"But you must have heard of it?"

"No. I returned on account of family circumstances from India, and have not

since been solicitous to hear particular news from the regiment; the name of Brown too is so common, that I might have seen his promotion in the gazette without noticing it. But a day or two will bring letters from his commanding officer."

"But I am told and informed, Mr Pleydell, that he does not mean to abide by this name of Brown, but is to set up a claim to the estate of Ellangowan, under the name of Bertram."

"Aye! who says that?" said the Counsellor.

"Or," demanded the soldier, "whoever says so, does that give a right to keep him in prison?"

"Hush, Colonel," said the lawyer; "I am sure you would not, any more than I, countenance him, if he prove an impostor —And, among friends, who informed you of this, Sir Robert?"

"Why a person, Mr Pleydell, who is peculiarly interested in investigating, sift-

ing, and clearing out this business to the bottom—you will excuse my being more particular."

"O, certainly—well, and he says?"——

"He says that it is whispered about among tinkers, gypsies, and other idle persons, that there is such a plan as I mention to you, and that this young man, who is a bastard or natural son of the late Ellangowan, is pitched upon as the impostor, from his strong family likeness."

"And was there such a natural son, Sir Robert?"

"O, certainly, to my own positive knowledge. Ellangowan had him placed as cabin-boy or powder-monkey on board an armed sloop or yacht belonging to the revenue, through the interest of the late commissioner Bertram, a kinsman of Ellangowan."

"Well, Sir Robert," said the lawyer, taking the word out of the mouth of the impatient soldier—"you have told me news; I shall investigate them, and if I find them

true, certainly Colonel Mannering and I will not countenance this young man. In the meanwhile, as we are all willing to make him forthcoming, to answer all complaints against him, I do assure you, you will act most illegally, and incur heavy responsibility, if you refuse our bail."

"Why, Mr Pleydell, as you must know best, and as you promise to give up this young man"——

"If he proves an impostor."

"Aye, certainly—under that condition I will take your bail; though I must say, an obliging, well-disposed, and civil neighbour of mine, who was himself bred to the law, gave me a hint or caution this morning against doing so. It was from him I learned that this youth was liberated and had come abroad, or rather had broken prison.—But where shall we find one to draw the bail-bond?"

"Here," said the Counsellor, applying himself to the bell, "send up my clerk,

Mr Driver—it will not do my character harm if I dictate the needful myself." It was written accordingly and signed, and, the Justice having subscribed a regular warrant for Bertram *alias* Brown's discharge, the visitors took their leave.

Each threw himself into his own corner of the post-chariot, and said nothing for some time. The Colonel first broke silence: "So you intend to give up this poor young fellow at the first brush?"

"Who, I?—I will not give up one hair of his head, though I should follow them to the court of last resort in his behalf—but what signified mooting points and shewing one's hand to that old ass? Much better he should report to his prompter, Glossin, that we are indifferent or lukewarm in the matter. Besides, I wished to have a peep at the enemies' game."

"Indeed!—Then I see there are stratagems in law as well as war. Well, and how do you like their line of battle?"

"Ingenious, but I think desperate—

they are finessing too much; a common fault on such occasions."

During this discourse the carriage rolled rapidly towards Woodbourne without any thing occurring worthy of the reader's notice, excepting their meeting with young Hazlewood, to whom the Colonel told the extraordinary history of Bertram's re-appearance, which he heard with high delight, and then rode on before to pay Miss Bertram his compliments on an event so happy and so unexpected.

We return to the party at Woodbourne. After the departure of Mannering, the conversation related chiefly to the fortunes of the Ellangowan family, their domains, and their former power. "It was then under the towers of my fathers," said Bertram, "that I landed some days since, in circumstances much resembling those of a vagabond. Its mouldering turrets and darksome arches even then awakened thoughts of the deepest interest, and recollections which I was unable to decypher. I will now visit

them again with other feelings, and I trust other hopes."

"Do not go there now," said his sister. "The house of our ancestors is at present the habitation of a wretch as insidious as dangerous, whose arts and villainy accomplished the ruin and broke the heart of our unhappy father."

"You increase my anxiety to confront this miscreant, even in the den he has constructed for himself—I think I have seen him."

"But you must consider," said Julia, "that you are now left under Lucy's guard and mine, and are responsible to us for all your motions—consider I have not been a lawyer's mistress twelve hours for nothing, and I assure you it would be madness to attempt to go to Ellangowan just now.—The utmost to which I can consent is, that we shall walk in a body to the head of the avenue, and from that perhaps we may indulge you with our company as far as a rising ground in the

common, whence your eyes may be blessed with a distant prospect of these gloomy towers, which struck so strongly your sympathetic imagination."

The party was speedily agreed upon; and the ladies, having taken their cloaks, followed the route proposed under the escort of Captain Bertram. It was a pleasant winter morning, and the cool breeze served only to freshen, not to chill, the fair walkers. A secret though unacknowledged bond of kindness combined the two ladies, and Bertram, now hearing the interesting accounts of his own family, now communicating his adventures in Europe and in India, repaid the pleasure which he received. Lucy felt proud of her brother, as well from the bold and manly turn of his sentiments, as from the dangers he had encountered, and the spirit with which he had surmounted them. And Julia, while she pondered on her father's words, could not help entertaining hopes, that the independent spirit

which had seemed to her father presumption in the humble and plebeian Brown, would have the grace of courage, noble bearing, and high blood, in the far-descended heir of Ellangowan.

They reached at length the little eminence or knoll upon the highest part of the common, called Gibbie's-knowe—a spot repeatedly mentioned in this history, as being on the skirts of the Ellangowan estate. It commanded a fair variety of hill and dale, bordered with natural woods, which at this season relieved the general colour of the landscape with a dark purple hue; and in other places the prospect was more formally intersected by lines of plantation, where the Scotch firs displayed their variety of dusky green. At the distance of two or three miles lay the bay of Ellangowan, its waves rippling under the influence of the western breeze. The towers of the ruined castle, seen high over every object in the neighbourhood, received a brighter colouring from the

wintry sun. "There," said Lucy Bertram, pointing them out in the distance, "there is the seat of our ancestors. God knows, my dear brother, I do not covet in your behalf the extensive power which the lords of these ruins are said to have possessed so long, and sometimes to have used so ill. But, O that I might see you in possession of such reliques of their fortune as should give you an honourable independence, and enable you to stretch your hand for the protection of the old and destitute dependants of our family, whom our poor father's death"——

"True, my dearest Lucy; and I trust, with the assistance of Heaven, which has so far guided us, and with that of these good friends, whom their own generous hearts have interested in my behalf, such a consummation of my hard adventures is now not unlikely.—But as a soldier, I must look with some interest upon that worm-eaten hold of ragged stone! and if this fellow, who is now in possession, displaces a pebble of it"——

He was here interrupted by Dinmont, who came hastily after them up the road, unseen till he was near the party:—"Captain, Captain! ye're wanted—Ye're wanted by her ye ken o'."

And immediately Meg Merrilies, as if emerging out of the earth, ascended from the hollow-way, and stood before them. "I sought ye at the house," she said, "and found but him, (pointing to Dinmont;) but ye are right, and I am wrang. It is *here* we should meet, on this very spot. Remember your promise, and follow me."

CHAPTER XIV.

To hail the king in seemly sort
The ladie was full fain;
But King Arthur, all sore amazed,
No answer made again.
"What wight art thou," the ladie said,
"That will not speak to me?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,
Though I be foul to see."

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.

The fairy bride of Sir Gawaine, while under the influence of the spell of her wicked step-mother, was more decrepid probably, and what is commonly called more ugly, than Meg Merrilies; but I doubt if she possessed that wild sublimity which an excited imagination communicated to features, marked and expressive in their own peculiar character, and to the gestures of a form, which, her sex considered, might

be termed gigantic. Accordingly, the knights of the Round Table did not recoil with more terror from the apparition of the loathly lady placed between "an oak and a green holly," than Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering did from the appearance of this Galwegian sybil upon the common of Ellangowan.

"For God's sake," said Julia, pulling out her purse, "give that dreadful woman something, and bid her go away."

"I cannot," said Bertram, "I must not offend her."

"What keeps you here?" said Meg exalting the harsh and rough tones of her hollow voice, "Why do you not follow?—Must your hour call you twice?—Do you remember your oath?—were it at kirk or market, wedding or burial,"—and she held high her skinny forefinger in a menacing attitude.

Bertram turned to his terrified companions. "Excuse me for a moment, I am

engaged by a promise to follow this woman."

"Good heavens! engaged to a mad woman!" said Julia.

"Or to a gypsey, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you," said Lucy.

"That was not spoke like a bairn of Ellangowan," said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. "It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders."

"In short, I must go," said Bertram, "it is absolutely necessary; wait for me five minutes on this spot."

"Five minutes?" said the gypsey, "five hours may not bring you here again."

"Do you hear that?" said Julia, "for heaven's sake do not go!"

"I must, I must—Mr Dinmont will protect you back to the house."

"No," said Meg, "he must gang with you, it is for that he is here. He maun take part wi' hand and heart, and weel his

part it is, for redding him might have cost you dearer."

"Troth, Luckie, it's very true; and ere I turn back frae the Captain's side, I'll show that I hae na forgotten't."

"O, yes," exclaimed both the ladies at once, "let him go with you, if go you must, on this strange summons."

"Indeed I must, but you see I am safely guarded—Adieu for a short time, go home as fast as you can."

He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupified with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with their eyes the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight

across the common, without turning aside to the winding path, by which passengers avoided the inequalities and little rills that traversed it in different directions. Thus the diminishing figures often disappeared from the eye, as they dived into such broken ground, and again ascended to sight when they were past the hollow. There was something frightful and unearthly, as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she pursued, undeterred by any of the impediments which usually incline a traveller from the direct path. Her way was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird through the air. At length they reached those thickets of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the common towards the glades and brook of Derncleugh, and were there lost to the view.

"This is very extraordinary," said Lucy after a pause, and turning round to her companion, "What can he have to do with that old hag?"

"It is very frightful," answered Julia, "and almost reminds me of the tales of sorceresses, witches, and evil genii, which I heard in India. They believe there in a fascination of the eye, by which those who possess it controul the will and dictate the motions of their victims. What can your brother have in common with that fearful woman, that he should leave us, obviously against his will, to attend to her commands?"

"At least," said Lucy, "we may hold him safe from harm, for she would never have summoned that faithful creature Dinmont, of whose courage and steadiness Henry said so much, to attend upon an expedition where she projected evil to the person of his friend. And now let us go back to the house till the Colonel returns—perhaps Bertram may be back first; at any rate the Colonel will judge what is to be done."

Leaning then upon each other's arm, but yet occasionally stumbling, between

fear and the disorder of their nerves, they at length reached the head of the avenue, when they heard the tread of a horse behind. They started, for their ears were awake to every sound, and beheld to their great pleasure young Hazlewood. "The Colonel will be here immediately," he said; "I galloped on before to pay my respects to Miss Bertram, with the sincerest congratulations upon the joyful event which has taken place in her family. I long to be introduced to Captain Bertram, and to thank him for the well-deserved lesson he gave to my rashness and indiscretion."

"He has left us just now," said Lucy, "and in a manner that has frightened us very much."

Just at that moment the Colonel's carriage drove up, and upon observing the ladies, stopped, while Mannering and his learned counsel alighted and joined them. They instantly communicated the new cause of alarm.

"Meg Merrilies again!" said the Colo-

nel; "She certainly is a most mysterious and unaccountable personage; but I think she must have something to impart to Bertram, to which she does not mean we should be privy."

"The devil take the bedlamite old woman," said the Counsellor; "will she not let things take their course, *prout de lege*, but must always be putting in her oar in her own way?—Then I fear from the direction they took they are going upon the Ellangowan estate—that rascal Glossin has shewn us what ruffians he has in his disposal. I wish honest Liddesdale may be guard sufficient."

"If you please," said Hazlewood, "I should be most happy to ride in the direction which they have taken. I am so well known in the country, that I scarce think any outrage will be offered in my presence, and I shall keep at such a cautious distance as not to appear to watch Meg, or interrupt any communication which she may make."

"Upon my word, to be a sprig, whom I remember with a whey face and a satchel not so very many years ago, I think young Hazlewood grows a fine fellow. I am more afraid of a new attempt at legal oppression than at open violence, and from that this young man's presence would deter both Glossin and his understrappers. Hie away then, my boy—peer out—peer out—you'll find them somewhere about Derncleugh, or very probably in Warroch-wood."

Hazlewood turned his horse. "Come back to us to dinner, Hazlewood," cried the Colonel. He bowed, spurred his horse, and galloped off.

We now return to Bertram and Dinmont, who continued to follow their mysterious guide through the woods and dingles, between the open common and the ruined hamlet of Derncleugh. As she led the way, she never looked back upon her followers, unless to chide them for loitering, though the sweat, in spite of

the season, poured from their brows. At other times she spoke to herself in such broken expressions as these—"It is to rebuild the auld house—it is to lay the corner stone—and did I not warn him?—I tell'd him I was born to do it, if my father's head had been the stepping-stone, let alone his.—I was doomed—still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stocks—I was banished—I kept it in an unco land;—I was scourged—I was branded—It lay deeper than scourge or red iron could reach—and now the hour is come."—

"Captain," said Dinmont, in a half whisper, "I wish she binna uncanny! her words dinna seem to come in God's name, or like other folk's. Odd, they threep in our country that there are sic things."

"Don't be afraid, my friend."

"Fear'd! fient a haet care I, be she witch or devil; it's a' ane to Dandie Dinmont."

"Haud your peace, gudeman," said Meg,

looking sternly over her shoulder; "is this a time or place for you to speak, think ye?"

"But, my good friend," said Bertram, "I have no doubt in your good faith, or kindness, which I have experienced; but you should have some confidence in me—I wish to know where you are leading me."

"There's but ae answer to that, Henry Bertram.—I swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my finger should never shew. Go on and meet your fortune, or turn back and lose it—that's a' I hae to say."

"Go on then," answered Bertram, "I will ask no more questions."

They descended into the glen about the same place where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She paused an instant beneath the tall rock where he had witnessed the burial of a dead body, and stamped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken,

shewed vestiges of having been recently moved. "Here rests ane," she said, "he'll maybe hae neibors sune."

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before, "Do you see that blackit and broken end of a sheeling?—there my kettle boiled for forty years—there I bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters—where are they now?—where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree at Martinmas!—the west wind has made it bare—and I'm stripped too.—Do you see that saugh tree?—it's but a blackened rotten stump now—I've sate under it mony a bonny summer afternoon when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water.—I've sate there, and," elevating her voice, "I've held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars—It will

ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing blithe sangs mair. But ye'll no forget her, and ye'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake?—and let somebody live there that's ower gude to fear them of another warld—For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould."

The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended, her left bent and shrouded beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. "And now," she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her—"let us to the wark—let us to the wark."

She then led the way to the promontory on which the Kaim of Derncleugh was situated, produced a large key from her pocket, and unlocked the door. The interior of this place was in better order than

formerly. "I have made things decent," she said; I may be streekit here or night.—There will be few, few at Meg's like-wake, for mony of our folk will blame what I hae done, and am to do!"

She then pointed to a table, upon which was some cold meat, arranged with more attention to neatness than could have been expected from Meg's habits. "Eat," she said; "ye'll need it this night yet."

Bertram, in complaisance, eat a morsel or two; and Dinmont, whose appetite was unabated either by wonder or apprehension, made his usual figure as a trencher-man. She then offered each a single glass of spirits, which Bertram drank diluted, and his companion plain.

"Will ye taste something yoursell, Luckie?" said Dinmont.

"I will not need it," replied their mysterious hostess. "And now," said she, "ye must hae arms—ye maunna gang on dry-handed—but use them not rashly—

take captive, but save life—let the law hae its ain—he maun speak or he die."

"Who is to be taken?—who is to speak?" said Bertram in astonishment, receiving a pair of pistols which she offered him, and which, upon examining, he found were loaded and locked.

"The flints are gude," she said, "and the powder dry—I ken that wark weel."

Then without answering his questions, she armed Dinmont also with a large pistol, and desired them to chuse sticks for themselves out of a parcel of very suspicious-looking bludgeons, which she brought from a corner. They then left the hut together, and, in doing so, Bertram took an opportunity to whisper Dinmont, "There's something inexplicable in all this—But we need not use these arms unless we see necessity and lawful occasion—take care to do as you see me do."

Dinmont gave a sagacious nod; and they continued to follow over wet and dry,

through bog and fallow, the footsteps of their conductress. She guided them to the wood of Warroch by the same track which the late Ellangowan had used when riding to Derncleugh in quest of his child, on the miserable evening of Kennedy's murder.

When Meg Merrilies had attained these groves, through which the wintry sea-wind was now whistling hoarse and shrill, she seemed to pause a moment as if to recollect the way. "We maun go the precise track," she said, and continued to go forwards, but rather in a zigzag and involved course than according to her former steady and direct line of motion. At length she guided them through the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular boundary. Even in winter it was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers, the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and

the weeping birches which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after uttering to herself, "This is the very spot!" looked at him with a ghastly side-glance,—"D'ye mind it?"

"Yes!" answered Bertram, "imperfectly I do."

"Aye!" pursued his guide, "on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourtree bush at the very moment. Sair, sair he strove, and sair he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of them that never kenn'd the word!—Now will I shew you the further track—the last time ye travelled it was in these arms."

She led them accordingly by a long and winding passage almost overgrown with brushwood, until, without any very perceptible descent, they suddenly found themselves by the sea-side. Meg then walked very fast on between the surf and the rocks, until she came to a remarkable fragment of rock detached from the rest. "Here," she said in a low, and scarcely audible whisper, "here the corpse was found."

"And the cave," said Bertram, in the same tone, "is close beside it—are you guiding us there?"

"Yes. Bend up both your hearts—follow me as I creep in—I have placed the fire-wood so as to screen you. Bide behind it for a gliff till I say, *The hour and the man are baith come*; then rin in on him, take his arms, and bind him till the blood burst frae his finger-nails."

"I will—if he is the man I suppose—Jansen!"

"Aye, Jansen, Hatteraick, and twenty mair names are his."

"Dinmont, you must stand by me now," said Bertram.

"Ye need na doubt that—but I wish I could mind a bit prayer or I creep after the witch into that hole that she's opening—It wad be a sair thing to leave the blessed sun, and the free air, and gang and be killed, like a tod that's run to earth, in a dungeon like that. But, as I said, deil hae me if I baulk you." This was uttered in the lowest tone of voice possible. The entrance was now open. Meg crept in upon her hands and knees, Bertram followed, and Dinmont, after giving a rueful glance toward the daylight, whose blessings he was abandoning, brought up the rear.

CHAPTER XV.

——— Die, prophet! in thy speech;
For this, among the rest, was I ordained.

Henry VI. Part III.

The progress of the Borderer, who, as we have said, was the last of the party, was fearfully arrested by a hand, which caught hold of his leg as he dragged his long limbs after him in silence and perturbation through the low and narrow entrance of the subterranean passage. The steel heart of the bold yeoman had well nigh given way, and he suppressed with difficulty a shout, which, in the defenceless posture and situation which they then oc-

cupied, might have cost all their lives. He contented himself, however, with extricating his foot from the grasp of this unexpected follower. "Be still," said a voice behind him, releasing him; "I am a friend—Charles Hazlewood."

These words were uttered in a very low voice, but they produced sound enough to startle Meg Merrilies, who led the van, and who, having already gained the place where the cavern expanded, had risen upon her feet. She began, as if to confound any listening ear, to growl, to mutter, and to sing aloud, and at the same time to make a bustle among some brushwood which was now heaped in the cave.

"Here—beldam—Deyvil's-kind," growled the harsh voice of Dirk Hatteraick from the inside of his den, "what makest thou there?"

"Laying the roughies to keep the cauld wind frae you, ye desperate do-nae-good—Ye're e'en ower weel off, and wots na; it will be otherwise soon."

"Have ye brought me the brandy, and any news of my people?"

"There's the bottle for ye. Your people—dispersed—broken—gone—or cut to ribbands by the red-coats."

"Der Deyvil!—this coast is fatal to me."

"Ye may hae mair reason to say see."

While this dialogue went forward, Bertram and Dinmont had both gained the interior of the cave, and assumed an erect position. The only light which illuminated its rugged and sable precincts was a quantity of wood burnt to charcoal in an iron grate, such as they use in spearing salmon by night. On these red embers Hatteraick from time to time threw a handful of twigs or splintered wood; but these, even when they blazed up, afforded a light much disproportioned to the extent of the cavern; and, as its principal inhabitant lay upon the side of the grate most remote from the entrance, it was not easy for him

to discover distinctly objects which lay in that direction. The intruders, therefore, whose number was now augmented unexpectedly to three, stood behind the loosely-piled brushwood with little risk of discovery. Dinmont had the sense to keep back Hazlewood with one hand till he whispered to Bertram, "A friend—young Hazlewood."

It was no time for following up the introduction, and they all stood as still as the rocks around them, obscured behind the pile of brushwood, which had been probably placed there to break the cold wind from the sea, without totally intercepting the supply of air. The branches were laid so loosely above each other, that, looking through them towards the light of the fire-grate, they could easily discover what passed in its vicinity, although a much stronger degree of illumination than it afforded, would not have enabled the persons placed near the bottom of the cave

to have descried them in the position which they occupied.

The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade on the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation, they

could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the circumstances of his situation and the deep gloom of his mind, assorted well with the rugged and broken vault, which rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of Meg Merrilies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or darkness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a spectre.

Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick. He remembered him well under the name of Jansen, which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Kennedy; and he remembered also, that this

Jansen, and his mate Brown, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy. Bertram knew farther, from piecing his own imperfect recollections with the narratives of Mannering and Pleydell, that this man was the prime agent in the act of violence which tore him from his family and country, and had exposed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections rose within his bosom; and he could hardly refrain from rushing upon Hatteraick and blowing his brains out. At the same time this would have been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and fell, while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pistols in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass: it was not to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate with his personal strength and means of resistance. Both, indeed, were inadequate to

encounter the combined power of two such men as Bertram himself and his friend Dinmont, without reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazlewood, who was unarmed, and of a slighter make; but Bertram felt there would be neither sense nor valour in anticipating the hangman's office, and he considered the importance of making Hatteraick prisoner alive. He therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited what should pass between the ruffian and his gypsey guide.

"And how are ye now?" said the harsh and discordant tone of his attendant: "Said I not it would come upon you—aye, and in this very cave, where ye harboured after the deed?"

"Wetter and sturm, ye hag! keep your deyvil's matins till they're wanted. Have you seen Glossin?"

"No: you've missed your blow, ye blood-spiller! and ye have nothing to expect from the tempter."

"Hagel! if I had him but by the throat!—and what am I to do then?"

"Do?" answered the gypsey, "Die like a man, or be hanged like a dog!"

"Hanged, ye hag of Satan!—the hemp's not sown that shall hang me."

"It's sown, and it's grown, and it's heckled, and it's twisted. Did I not tell ye when ye wad take away the boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers,—did I not say he would come back when he had dree'd his wierd in foreign land till his twenty-first year?—Did I not say the auld fire would burn down to a spark, but wad kindle again?"

"Well, mother, you did say so; and, donner and blitzen! I believe you spoke the truth—that younker of Ellangowan has been a rock a-head to me all my life! and now, with Glossin's cursed contrivance, my crew have been cut off, my boats destroyed, and I dare say the lugger's taken—there were not men enough to work her,

far less to fight her—a dredge-boat might have taken her. And what will the owners say?—Hagel and sturm! I shall never dare go back again to Flushing."

"You'll never need."

"What are you doing there, and what makes you say that?"

During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before answer to this question, she dropped a firebrand upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended, Meg answer'd the ruffian's question in a firm and steady voice:—"*Because the Hour's come, and the Man.*"

At the appointed signal, Bertram and Dinmont sprung over the brushwood, and rushed upon Hatteraick. Hazlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was an instant later. The ruffian, who

instantly saw he was betrayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merrilies, at whom he discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing and dreadful cry, between the shriek of pain and the sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffocating height. "I kenn'd it would be this way," she said.

Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven rock which floored the cave; a fortunate stumble, for Hatteraick's second bullet whistled over him with so true and steady an aim, that had he been standing upright, it must have lodged in his brain. Ere Hatteraick could draw another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavoured by main force to pinion down his arms. Such, however, was the wretch's personal strength, joined to the efforts of his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont through the blazing flax, and had well nigh suc-

ceeded in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazlewood, come to his assistance, when, by main force, and no ordinary exertion of it, they threw him on the ground, disarmed him, and bound him. This scuffle, though it takes up some time in the narrative, passed in less than a single minute. When he was fairly mastered, after one or two desperate and almost convulsionary struggles, Hatteraick lay perfectly still and silent. "He's gaun to die game ony how," said Dinmont; "weel, I like him na the waur o' that."

This observation honest Dandie made while he was shaking the blazing flax from his rough coat and shaggy black hair, some of which had been singed in the scuffle. "He is quiet now," said Bertram; "stay by him, and do not permit him to stir till I see whether the poor woman be alive or dead." With Hazlewood's assistance he raised Meg Merrilies.

"I kenn'd it would be this way; and it's e'en this way that it should be."

The ball had penetrated in the breast below the throat. It did not bleed much externally, But Bertram, accustomed to see gun-shot wounds, thought it the more alarming. "Good God! what shall we do for this poor woman?" said he to Hazlewood, the circumstances superseding the necessity of previous explanation or introduction to each other.

"My horse stands tied above in the wood," said Hazlewood, "I have been watching you these two hours—I will ride off for some assistants that may be trusted. Meanwhile you had better defend the mouth of the cavern against every one until I return." He hastened away. Bertram, after binding Meg Merrilies' wound as well as he could, took station near the mouth of the cave with a cocked pistol in his hand; Dinmont continued to watch Hatteraick. There was a dead silence in the

cavern, only interrupted by the low and suppressed moaning of the wounded female, and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

CHAPTER XVI.

For though, seduced and led astray,
Thou'st travelled far and wandered long,
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.

The Hall of Justice.

After the space of about three quarters of an hour, which the uncertainty and danger of their situation made seem almost thrice as long, the voice of young Hazlewood was heard without. "Here I am, with a sufficient party."

"Come in then," answered Bertram, not a little pleased to find his guard relieved. Hazlewood then entered, followed by two or three countrymen, one of whom acted as a peace-officer. They lifted Hatteraick up, and carried him in their arms as far as the entrance of the vault

was high enough to permit them; then laid him on his back, and dragged him along as well as they could, for no persuasion would induce him to assist the transportation by any exertion of his own. He lay as silent and inactive in their hands as a dead corpse, in no way either opposing or aiding their operations. When he was dragged into day-light, and placed erect upon his feet among three or four assistants, who had remained without the cave, he seemed stupified and dazzled by the sudden change from the darkness of his cavern. While others were superintending the removal of Meg Merrilies, those who remained with Hatteraick attempted to make him sit down upon a fragment of rock which lay close upon the high-water-mark. A strong shuddering convulsed his iron frame for an instant, as he resisted their purpose. "Not there—Hagel!—you would not make me sit *there*?"

These were the only words he spoke;

but their import, and the deep tone of horror in which they were uttered, served to show what was passing in his mind.

When Meg Merrilies had also been removed from the cavern, with all the care for her safety that circumstances admitted, they consulted where she should be carried. Hazlewood had sent for a surgeon, and proposed that she should be lifted in the mean time to the nearest cottage. But the patient exclaimed with great earnestness, "Na, na, na! To the Kaim o' Derncleugh—the Kaim o' Derncleugh—the spirit will not free itself o' the flesh but there."

"You must indulge her, I believe," said Bertram; "her troubled imagination will otherwise aggravate the fever of the wound."

They bore her accordingly to the vault. Upon the way her mind seemed to run more upon the scene which had just passed, than on her own approaching death.—"There were three of them set upon him

—I brought the twasome—but wha was the third?—It would be *himsell* returned to work his ain vengeance."

It was evident that the unexpected appearance of Hazlewood, whose person the outrage of Hatteraick left her no time to recognize, had produced a strong effect on her imagination. She often recurred to it. Hazlewood accounted for it to Bertram, by saying, that he had kept them in view for some time by the direction of Mannering; that, observing them disappear into the cave, he had crept after them, meaning to announce himself and his errand, when his hand in the darkness encountering the leg of Dinmont, had nearly produced a catastrophe, which indeed nothing but the presence of mind and fortitude of the bold yeoman could have averted.

When the gypsey arrived at the hut, she produced the key; and when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said, in an anxious tone,

"Na, na! not that way, not that way, the head to the east;" and appeared gratified when they reversed her posture accordingly.

"Is there no clergyman near," said Bertram, "to assist this unhappy woman's devotions?"

A gentleman, the minister of the parish, who had been Charles Hazlewood's tutor, had, with many others, caught the alarm, that the murderer of Kennedy was taken on the spot where the deed had been done so many years before, and that a woman was mortally wounded. From curiosity, or rather from the feeling that his duty called him to scenes of distress, this gentleman had come to the Kaim of Derncleugh, and now presented himself. The surgeon arrived at the same time, and was about to probe the wound; but Meg resisted the assistance of either. "It's no what man can do that will heal me or save me.—Let me speak what I have to say, and then ye may work your will. I'se

be nae hindrance.—But where's Henry Bertram?"—The assistants, to whom this name had been long a stranger, gazed upon each other.—"Yes!" she said in a stronger and harsher tone, "I said *Henry Bertram of Ellangowan.* Stand from the light, and let me see him."

All eyes were turned towards Bertram, who approached the wretched couch. The wounded woman took hold of his hand. "Look at him," she said, "all that ever saw his father or his grandfather, and bear witness if he is not their living image?"—A murmur went through the crowd—the resemblance was too striking to be denied. "And now hear me—and let that man," pointing to Hatteraick, who was seated with his keepers on a sea-chest at some distance—"let him deny what I say if he can. That is Henry Bertram, son to Godfrey Bertram, umquhile of Ellangowan; that is the child that Dirk Hatteraick carried off from Warroch wood the day that he murdered the gauger. I was there like

a wandering spirit—for I longed to see that wood or we left the country. I saved the bairn's life, and sair, sair I prigged and prayed they would leave him wi' me—But they bore him away, and he's been lang ower the sea, and now he's come for his ain, and what should withstand him?—I swore to keep the secret till he was ane-and-twenty—I kenn'd he behoved to dree his weird till that day cam—I keepit that oath—but I swore another to mysell, that if I lived to see the day o' his return, I would set him in his father's seat if every step was on a dead man. I have keepit that oath. I will be ae step mysell—He (pointing to Hatteraick) will soon be another, and there will be ane mair yet."

The clergyman now interposing, remarked it was a pity this deposition was not regularly taken and written down, and the surgeon urged the necessity of examining the wound, previously to exhausting her by questions. When she saw them removing Hatteraick, in order to

clear the room and leave the surgeon to his operations, she called out aloud, raising herself at the same time upon the couch, " Dirk Hatteraick, you and I will never meet again until we are before the judgment-seat—Will ye own to what I have said?" He turned his hardened brow upon her, with a look of dumb and inflexible defiance. " Dirk Hatteraick, dare ye deny, with my blood upon your hands, one word of what my dying breath is uttering?"—He looked at her with the same expression of hardihood and dogged stubbornness, and moved his lips, but uttered no sound. " Then fareweel!" she said, " and God forgive you! your hand has sealed my evidence.—When I was in life, I was the mad randy gypsey, that had been scourged, and banished, and branded,—that had begged from door to door, and been hounded like a stray tyke from parish to parish —wha would hae minded *her* word?—But now I am a dying woman, and my words

will not fall to the ground, any more than the earth will cover my blood!"

She here paused, and all left the hut except the surgeon and two or three women. After a very short examination, he shook his head, and resigned his post by the dying woman's side to the clergyman.

A chaise returning empty to Kippletringan had been stopped on the high road by a constable, who foresaw it would be necessary to convey Hatteraick to jail. The driver, understanding what was going on at Derncleugh, left his horses to the care of a blackguard boy, confiding, it is to be supposed, rather in their years and discretion than in his, and set off full speed to see, as he expressed himself, "whaten a sort o' fun was gaun on." He arrived just as the group of tenants and peasants, whose numbers increased every moment, satiated with gazing upon the rugged features of Hatteraick, had turned their attention towards Bertram. Al-

most all of them, especially the aged men who had seen old Ellangowan in his better days, felt and acknowledged the justice of Meg Merrilies' appeal. But the Scotch are a cautious people; they remembered there was another in possession of the estate, and they as yet only expressed their feelings in low whispers to each other. Our friend Jock Jabos, the postillion, forced his way into the middle of the circle; but no sooner cast his eyes upon Bertram, than he started back in amazement with a solemn exclamation, "As sure as there's breath in man, it's auld Ellangowan arisen from the dead!"

This public declaration of an unprejudiced witness, was just the spark wanted to give fire to the popular feeling, which burst forth in three distinct shouts:— "Bertram for ever!"—"Long life to the heir of Ellangowan!"—"God send him his ain, and to live amang us as his forebears did of yore!"

"I hae been seventy years on the land," said one.

"I and mine hae been seventy and seventy to that," said another; "I have a right to ken the glance of a Bertram."

"I and mine hae been three hundred years here," said another old man, "and I sall sell my last cow, but I'll see the young laird in his right."

The women, ever delighted with the marvellous, and not less so when a handsome young man is the subject of the tale, added their shrill acclamations to the general all-hail. "Blessings on him—he's the very picture o' his father!—the Bertrams were aye the wale o' the country side!"

"Eh! that his puir mother, that died in grief and in doubt about him, had but lived to see this day!" exclaimed some voices.

"But we'll help him to his ain, kimmers," cried others; "and before Glossin sall keep the Place of Ellangowan, we'll howk him out o't wi' our nails!"

Others crowded around Dinmont, who

was nothing loth to tell what he knew of his friend, and to boast the honour which he had in contributing to the discovery. As he was known to several persons present, his testimony afforded an additional motive to the general enthusiasm. In short, it was one of those moments of feeling, when the frost of the Scottish melts like a snow-wreath, and the dissolving torrent carries dam and dyke before it.

The sudden shouts interrupted the devotions of the clergyman; and Meg, who was in one of those dozing fits of stupefaction that precede the close of existence, suddenly started—"Dinna ye hear?—dinna ye hear?—he's owned!—he's owned!—I lived but for this.—I am a sinfu' woman—But if my curse brought it down, my blessing has ta'en it off! And now I wad hae liked to hae said mair. But it canna be.—Stay"—she continued, stretching her head towards the gleam of light that shot through the narrow slit which served for a window, "Is he not there?—stand out

o' the light, and let me look upon him ance mair. But the darkness is in my ain een," she said, sinking back, after an earnest gaze upon vacuity—" it's a' ended now!

" Pass breath,
Come death!"

And, sinking back upon her couch of straw, she expired without a groan. The clergyman and the surgeon carefully noted down all that she had said, now deeply regretting they had not examined her more minutely, but both remaining morally convinced of the truth of her disclosure.

Hazlewood was the first to compliment Bertram upon the near prospect of his being restored to his name and rank in society. The people around, who now learned from Jabos that Bertram was the person who had wounded him, were struck with his generosity, and added his name to Bertram's in their exulting acclamations.

Some, however, demanded of the postillion how he had not recognised Bertram when he saw him some time before at Kippletringan? to which he gave the very natural answer,—" Hout, what was I thinking about Ellangowan then?—It was the cry that was rising e'en now that the young laird was found, that put me on finding out the likeness—There was nae missing it ance ane was set to look for't."

The obduracy of Hatteraick during the latter part of this scene was in some slight degree shaken. He was observed to twinkle with his eye-lids—to attempt to raise his bound hands for the purpose of pulling his hat over his brow—to look angrily and impatiently to the road, as if anxious for the vehicle which was to remove him from the spot. At length Mr Hazlewood, apprehensive that the popular ferment might take a direction towards him, directed he should be taken to the post chaise, and so removed to the town of Kippletringan to be at Mr Mac-

Morlan's disposal; at the same time he sent an express to warn that gentleman of what had happened. "And now," he said to Bertram, "I should be happy if you would accompany me to Hazlewood-house; but as that might not be so agreeable just now as I trust it will be in a day or two, you must allow me to return with you to Woodbourne. But you are on foot."—"O if the young laird would take my horse!"—"Or mine"—"Or mine"—said half a dozen voices—"Or mine; he can trot ten mile an hour without whip or spur, and he's the young laird's frae this moment, if he likes to take him for a herezeld, as they ca'd it lang syne."—Bertram readily accepted the horse as a loan, and poured forth his thanks to the assembled crowd for their good wishes, which they repaid with shouts and vows of attachment.

While the happy owner was directing one lad to "gae down for the new saddle;" another "just to rin the beast ower wi' a dry wisp o' strae;" a third "to hie down

and borrow Dan Dunkieson's plated stirrups," and expressing his regret, "that there was nae time to gie the nag a feed, that the young laird might ken his mettle," Bertram, taking the clergyman by the arm, walked into the vault, and shut the door immediately after them. He gazed in silence for some minutes upon the body of Meg Merrilies, as it lay before him, with the features sharpened by death, yet still retaining the stern and energetic character, which had maintained in life her superiority as the wild chieftainess of the lawless people amongst whom she was born. The young soldier dried the tears which involuntarily rose upon viewing this wreck, which might be said to have died a victim to her fidelity to his family. He then took the clergyman's hand, and asked solemnly, if she appeared able to give that attention to his devotions which befitted a departing person?

"My dear sir," said the good minister,

"I trust this poor woman had remaining sense to feel and join in the import of my prayers. But let us humbly hope we are judged of by our opportunities of religious and moral instruction. In some degree she might be considered as an uninstructed heathen, even in the bosom of a Christian country; and let us remember, that the errors and vices of an ignorant life were balanced by instances of disinterested attachment, amounting almost to heroism. To HIM, who can alone weigh our crimes and errors against our efforts towards virtue, we consign her with awe, but not without hope."

"May I request," said Bertram, "that you will see every decent solemnity attended to in behalf of this poor woman? I have some property belonging to her in my hands—at all events I will be answerable for the expence—you will hear of me at Woodbourne."

Dinmont, who had been furnished with

a horse by one of his acquaintance, now loudly called out that all was ready for their return; and Bertram and Hazlewood, after a strict exhortation to the crowd, which was now increased to several hundreds, to preserve good order in their rejoicing, as the least ungoverned zeal might be turned to the disadvantage of the young Laird, as they termed him, took their leave amid the shouts of the multitude.

As they rode past the ruined cottages at Derncleugh, Dinmont said, "I'm sure when ye come to your ain, Captain, ye'll no forget to bigg a bit cot-house there? Deil be in me but I wad do't mysell, an it werena in better hands.—I wadna like to live in't though, after what she said. Odd, I wad put in auld Elspith the bedral's widow—the like o' them's used wi' graves and ghaists and thae things."

A short but brisk ride brought them to Woodbourne. The news of their exploit had already flown far and wide, and the whole inhabitants met them on the lawn

with shouts of congratulation. "That you have seen me alive," said Bertram to Lucy, who first ran up to him, though Julia's eyes even anticipated hers, "you must thank these kind friends."

With a blush expressing at once pleasure, gratitude, and bashfulness, Lucy curtsied to Hazlewood, but to Dinmont she frankly extended her hand. The honest farmer, in the extravagance of his joy, carried his freedom farther than the hint warranted, for he imprinted his thanks on the lady's lips, and was instantly shocked at the rudeness of his own conduct. "Lord sake, madam, I ask your pardon," he said; "I forgot but ye had been a bairn o' my ain—the Captain's sae hamely, he gars ane forget himsell."

Old Pleydell now advanced: "Nay, if fees like these are going," he said——

"Stop, stop, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, "you had your fees before-hand—remember last night."

"Why, I do confess a retainer," said

the barrister; "but if I don't deserve double fees from both Lucy and you when I conclude my examination of Dirk Hatteraick to-morrow—Gad I will so supple him!—You shall see, Colonel, and you, my saucy misses, though you may not see, shall hear."——

"Aye, that's if we chuse to listen, Counsellor."

"And you think it's two to one you won't chuse that?—But you have curiosity that teaches you the use of your ears now and then."

"I declare, Counsellor, that such saucy bachelors as you would teach us the use of our fingers now and then."

"Reserve them for the harpsichord, my love. Better for all parties."

While this idle chat ran on, Colonel Mannering introduced to Bertram a plain good-looking man, in a grey coat and waistcoat, buck-skin breeches, and boots. "This, my dear sir, is Mr Mac-Morlan."

"To whom," said Bertram, embracing

him cordially, "my sister was indebted for a home, when deserted by all her natural friends and relations."

The Dominie then pressed forward, grinned, chuckled, made a diabolical sound in attempting to whistle, and finally, unable to stifle his emotions, ran away to empty the feelings of his heart at his eyes.

We shall not attempt to describe the expansion of heart and glee of this happy evening.

CHAPTER XVII.

————How like a hateful ape,
Detected grinning 'midst his pilfer'd hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are opened to the day !——

COUNT BASIL.

THERE was a great movement at Woodbourne early on the following morning, to attend the examination at Kippletringan. Mr Pleydell, from the investigation which he had formerly bestowed on the dark affair of Kennedy's death, as well as from the general deference due to his professional abilities, was requested by Mr Mac-Morlan and Sir Robert Hazlewood, and another justice of peace who attended, to take the situation of chairman, and the lead in the examination. Colonel Mannering was invited to sit down with them.

The examination, being previous to trial, was private in other respects.

The Counsellor resumed and re-interrogated former evidence. He then examined the clergyman and surgeon respecting the dying declaration of Meg Merrilies. They stated, that she distinctly, positively, and repeatedly, declared herself an eye-witness of Kennedy's death by the hands of Hatteraick, and two or three of his crew; that her presence was accidental; that she believed their resentment at meeting him, when they were in the act of losing their vessel, through means of his information, led to the commission of the crime: that she said there was one witness of the murder, but who refused to participate in it, still alive,—her nephew, Gabriel Faa; and she had hinted at another person, who was an accessory after, not before, the fact; but her strength there failed her. They did not forget to mention her declaration, that she had saved the child, and that he was torn

from her by the smugglers, for the purpose of carrying him to Holland.—All these particulars were carefully reduced to writing.

Dirk Hatteraick was then brought in, heavily ironed; for he had been strictly secured and guarded, owing to his former escape. He was asked his name; he made no answer:—His profession; he was silent:—Several other questions were put; to none of which he returned any reply. Pleydell wiped the glasses of his spectacles, and considered the prisoner very attentively. "A very truculent-looking fellow," he whispered to Mannering; "but, as Dogberry says, I'll go cunningly to work with him.—Here, call in Soles—Soles the shoemaker.—Soles, do you remember measuring some foot-steps imprinted on the mud at the wood of Warroch, upon —— November, 17—?" Soles remembered the circumstance perfectly. "Look at that paper—is that your note of the measurement?"—Soles verified the memorandum—"Now, there

stands a pair of shoes on that table—measure them, and see if they correspond with any of the marks you have noted there." The shoemaker obeyed, and declared "that they answered exactly to the largest of the foot-prints."

"We will prove," said the Counsellor, aside to Mannering, "that these shoes, which were found in the ruins at Derncleugh, belonged to Brown, the fellow whom you shot on the lawn at Woodbourne.—Now, Soles, measure that prisoner's feet very accurately."

Mannering observed Hatteraick strictly, and could notice a visible tremor. "Do these measurements correspond with any of the foot-prints?"

The man looked at the note, then at his foot-rule and measure—then verified his former measurement by a second. "They correspond," he said, "within a hair-breadth, to a foot-mark broader and shorter than the former."

Hatteraick's genius here deserted him—"Der deyvil!" he broke out, "how could there be a foot-mark on the ground, when it was a frost as hard as the heart of a Memel log?"

"In the evening, I grant you, Captain Hatteraick, but not in the forenoon—will you favour me with information where you were upon the day you remember so exactly?"

Hatteraick saw his blunder, and again screwed up his hard features for obstinate silence—"Put down his observation, however," said Pleydell to the clerk.

At this moment the door opened, and, much to the surprise of most present, Mr Gilbert Glossin made his appearance. That worthy gentleman had, by dint of watching and eves-dropping, ascertained that he was not mentioned in Meg Merrilies' dying declaration, a circumstance, certainly not owing to her favourable disposition towards him, but to the delay of

taking her regular examination, and to the rapid approach of death. He therefore supposed himself safe from all evidence but such as might arise from Hatteraick's confession; to prevent which he resolved to push a bold face, and join his brethren of the bench during his examination. "I shall be able," he thought, "to make the rascal sensible his safety lies in keeping his own council and mine; and my presence, besides, will be a proof of confidence and innocence. If I must lose the estate I must—but I trust better things."

He entered with a profound salutation to Sir Robert Hazlewood. Sir Robert, who had rather begun to suspect that his plebeian neighbour had made a cat's paw of him, inclined his head stiffly, took snuff, and looked another way—"Mr Corsand, your most humble servant."

"Your humble servant, Mr Glossin," answered Mr Corsand drily, composing his countenance *regis ad exemplar*, that is

to say, after the fashion of the Baronet. "Mac-Morlan, my worthy friend, how d'ye do—always upon your duty?"

"Umph," said honest Mac-Morlan, with little respect either to the compliment or salutation. "Colonel Mannering (a low bow slightly returned) and Mr Pleydell, (another low bow) I dared not have hoped for your assistance to poor country gentlemen at this period of the session."

Pleydell took a snuff, and eyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic—"I'll teach him," he said, "the value of the old admonition, *Ne accesseris in consilium antequam voceris*."

"But perhaps I intrude, gentlemen?—is this an open meeting?"

"For my part," said Mr Pleydell, "far from considering your attendance as intrusion, Mr Glossin, I was never so pleased in my life to meet with you, especially as I think we should have had occasion to request the favour of your company in the course of the day."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said Glossin, drawing his chair to the table, and beginning to bustle about among the papers, "where are we?—how far have we got? where are the declarations?"

"Clerk—give me all these papers," said Mr Pleydell; "I have an odd way of arranging my documents, Mr Glossin, another person touching them puts me out—but I shall have occasion for your assistance by and by."

Glossin, thus reduced to inactivity, stole one glance at Dirk Hatteraick, but could read nothing in his dark scowl save malignity and hatred to all around. "But, gentlemen," said Glossin, "is it quite right to keep this poor man so heavily ironed, when he is taken up merely for examination?"

This was hoisting a kind of friendly signal to the prisoner. "He has escaped once before," said Mac-Morlan drily, and Glossin was silenced.

Bertram was now introduced, and, to Glossin's confusion, was greeted in the most friendly manner even by Sir Robert Hazlewood himself. He told his recollections of infancy with that candour and caution of expression which afforded the best warrant for his good faith. "This seems to be rather a civil than a criminal question," said Glossin, rising; "and as you cannot be ignorant, gentlemen, of the effect which this young person's pretended parentage may have on my fortune, I would rather beg leave to retire."

"No, my good sir," said Mr Pleydell, "we can by no means spare you. But why do you call this young man's claims pretended?—I don't mean to fish for your defences against them, if you have any, but"——

"Mr Pleydell, I think I can explain the matter at once.—This young fellow, whom I take to be a natural son of the late Ellangowan, has gone about this country for some weeks under different names, ca-

balling with a wretched old mad-woman, who, I understand, was shot in a late scuffle, and with other tinkers, gypsies, and persons of that description, stirring up the tenants against their landlords, which, as Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood knows,"——

"Not to interrupt you, Mr Glossin," said Pleydell, "I ask who you say this young man is?"

"Why, I say, and I believe this gentleman (looking at Hatteraick) knows, that he is a natural son of the late Ellangowan, by a girl called Janet Lightoheel, who was afterwards married to Hewit the shipwright, that lived in the shire of Annan. His name is Godfrey Bertram Hewit, by which name he was entered on board the Royal Caroline excise yacht."

"Aye?" said Pleydell, "that is a very likely story!—but, not to pause upon some difference of eyes, complexion, and so forth—be pleased to step forward, sir." ——A young seafaring man came forward. ——"Here's the real Simon Pure—here's

Godfrey Bertram Hewit, arrived last night from Antigua *via* Liverpool, mate of a West Indian, and in a fair way of doing well in the world, although he came somewhat irregularly into it."

While some conversation past between the other justices and this young man, Pleydell lifted from among the papers on the table Hatteraick's old pocket-book. A peculiar glance of the smuggler's eye induced the shrewd lawyer to think there was something here of interest. He therefore continued the examination of the papers, laying the book on the table, but instantly perceived that the prisoner's interest in the research had cooled. "It must be in the book still, whatever it is," thought Pleydell; and again applied himself to the pocket-book, until he discovered, on a narrow scrutiny, a slit between the pasteboard and leather, out of which he drew three small slips of paper. Pleydell now turning to Glossin, requested the favour that he would tell them if he had assisted

at the search for the body of Kennedy, and the child of his patron, upon the day when they disappeared.

"I did not—that is—I did," answered the conscience-struck Glossin.

"It is remarkable though, that connected as you were with the Ellangowan family, I don't recollect your being examined, or even appearing before me, while that investigation was proceeding?"

"I was called to London on most important business the morning after that sad affair."

"Clerk," said Pleydell, "minute down that reply.—I presume the business, Mr Glossin, was to negociate these three bills drawn by you on Messrs Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and accepted by one Dirk Hatteraick in their name on the very day of the murder." Glossin's countenance fell. "This piece of real evidence makes good the account given of your conduct on this occasion by a man called Gabriel Faa, whom we have now in custo-

dy, and who witnessed the whole transaction between you and that worthy prisoner—Have you any explanation to give?"

"Mr Pleydell," said Glossin with great composure, "I presume, if you were my counsel, you would not advise me to answer upon the spur of the moment to a charge which the basest of mankind seem ready to establish by perjury."

"My advice would be regulated by my opinion of your innocence or guilt. In your case I believe you take the wisest course; but you are aware you must stand committed?"

"What, sir? Upon a charge of murder?"

"No; only as art and part of kidnapping the child."

"That is a bailable offence."

"Pardon me," said Pleydell, "it is *plagium*, and *plagium* is felony."

"Forgive me, Mr Pleydell; there is only one case upon record, Torrence and Waldie. They were, you remember, resurrection-women, who had promised to

procure a child's body for some young surgeons. Being upon honour to their employer, rather than disappoint the evening lecture of the students, they stole a live child, murdered it, and sold the body for three shillings and sixpence. They were hanged, but for the murder, not for the *plagium*. Your civil law has carried you a little too far."

"Well, sir, but in the meantime we must commit you to the county jail, in case this young man repeats the same story.—Officers, remove Mr Glossin and Hatteraick, and guard them in different apartments."

Gabril, the gypsey, was then introduced, and gave a distinct account of his deserting from Captain Pritchard's vessel and joining the smugglers in the action, and how Dirk Hatteraick set fire to his ship when he found her disabled, and under cover of the smoke escaped with his crew, and as much goods as they could save, in-

to the cavern, where they proposed to lie till night-fall. Hatteraick himself, his mate Vanbeest Brown, and three others, of whom the declarant was one, went into the neighbouring woods to communicate with some of their friends in the neighbourhood. They fell in with Kennedy unexpectedly, and Hatteraick and Brown, aware that he was the occasion of their disasters, resolved to murder him. He stated, that after the deed, they regained the cavern by different routes, and Dirk Hatteraick was giving an account how he had pushed a huge crag over, as Kennedy lay groaning on the beach, when Glossin suddenly appeared among them. To the whole transaction by which Hatteraick purchased his secrecy he was witness. Respecting young Bertram he could give a distinct account till he went to India, after which he had lost sight of him until he unexpectedly saw him in Liddesdale. He stated, that he instantly sent

notice to his aunt, Meg Merrilies, as well as to Hatteraick, who he knew was then upon the coast, but that he had incurred his aunt's highest displeasure upon the latter account. He concluded, that his aunt had immediately declared that she would do all that lay in her power to help young Ellangowan to his right, even if it should be by informing against Dirk Hatteraick; and that many of her people assisted her besides himself, from a belief that she was gifted with supernatural inspirations. With the same purpose, he understood, his aunt had given to Bertram the treasure of the tribe, of which she had the custody. Three or four gypsies mingled in the crowd when the Custom-House was attacked, for the purpose of liberating Bertram, which he had himself effected. He said, that in obeying Meg's dictates they did not pretend to estimate their propriety or rationality, the respect in which she was held by her tribe pre-

cluding all such subjects of speculation. Upon farther interrogation he added, that his aunt had always said that Harry Bertram carried that round his neck which would ascertain his birth. It was a spell, she said, that an Oxford scholar had made for him, and she possessed the smugglers with an opinion, that to deprive him of it would occasion the loss of the vessel.

Bertram here produced a small velvet bag, which he said he had worn round his neck from his earliest infancy, and which he had preserved, first, from superstitious reverence, and, latterly, from the hope that it might serve one day to aid in the discovery of his birth. The bag being opened, was found to contain a blue silk case, from which was drawn a scheme of nativity. Upon inspecting this paper, Colonel Mannering instantly admitted it was his own composition, and afforded the strongest and most satisfactory evidence, that the possessor of it must

necessarily be the young heir of Ellangowan, by avowing his having first appeared in that country in the character of an astrologer.

"And now," said Pleydell, "make out warrants of commitment for Hatteraick and Glossin until liberated in due course of law. I am sorry for Glossin."

"Now, I think," said Mannering, "he's incomparably the least deserving of pity of the two. The other's a bold fellow, though as hard as flint."

"Very natural, Colonel, that you should be interested in the ruffian and I in the knave—that's all professional taste—but I can tell you Glossin would have been a pretty lawyer, had he not had such a turn for the roguish part of the profession."

"Scandal would say, he might not be the worse lawyer for that."

"Scandal would tell a lie, then, as she usually does. Law's like laudanum; it's

much more easy to use it as a quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Unfit to live or die—O marble heart!
After him, fellows, drag him to the block.
Measure for Measure.

THE jail at the county town of the shire of ——— was one of those old-fashioned dungeons which disgraced Scotland until of late years. When the prisoners and their guard arrived there, Hatteraick, whose violence and strength were well known, was secured in what was called the condemned ward. This was a large apartment near the top of the prison. A round bar of iron, about the thickness of a man's arm above the elbow, crossed the apartment horizontally at the height of about six inches from the floor, and was

built into the wall at either end. Hatteraick's ancles were secured within shackles, which were connected by a chain at the distance of about four feet, with a large iron ring which travelled upon the bar we have described. Thus a prisoner might shuffle along the length of the bar from one side of the room to another, but could not rest farther from it in any other direction than the length of the chain admitted. When his feet had been thus secured, the keeper removed his hand-cuffs, and left his person at liberty in other respects.

Hatteraick had not been long in this place of confinement, before Glossin arrived at the same prison-house. In respect to his comparative rank and education, he was not ironed, but placed in a decent apartment, under the inspection of Mac-Guffog, who, since the destruction of the bridewell of Portanferry by the mob, had acted here as an under-turnkey. When Glossin was inclosed within

this room, and had solitude and leisure to calculate all the chances against him and in his favour, he could not prevail upon himself to consider the game as desperate. "The estate is lost," he said, "that must go; and, between Pleydell and MacMorlan, they'll cut down my claim on it to a trifle. My character—but if I get off with life and liberty, I'll get money yet, and varnish that over again. Let me see: —This Bertram was a child at the time—his evidence must be imperfect—the other fellow is a deserter, a gypsey, and an outlaw—Meg Merrilies, d—n her, is dead.—These infernal bills!—Hatteraick brought them with him, I suppose, to have the means of threatening me, or extorting money from me.—I must endeavour to see the rascal;—must get him to stand steady;—must get him to put some other colour upon the business."

His mind teeming with schemes of future deceit to cover former villainy, he spent the time in arranging and combining

them until the hour of supper. Mac-Guffog attended upon this occasion. After giving him a glass of brandy, and sounding him with one or two cajoling speeches, Glossin made it his request that he would help him to an interview with Dirk Hatteraick. "Impossible! utterly impossible! it's contrary to the express orders of Mr Mac-Morlan, and the captain (as the head jailor of a county jail is called in Scotland) would never forgie me."

"But why should he know of it?" said Glossin, slipping a couple of guineas into Mac-Guffog's hand.

The turnkey weighed the gold, and looked sharp at Glossin. "Eye, eye, Mr Glossin, ye ken the ways o' this place—Lookee, at lock-up hour, I'll return and bring ye up stairs to him—But ye must stay a' night in his cell, for I must carry the keys to the captain for the night, and I cannot let you out again until morning—then I'll visit the wards half an hour earlier than usual, and ye may get out, and be

snug in your ain birth when the captain gangs his rounds."

When the hour of ten had pealed from the neighbouring steeple, Mac-Guffog came prepared with a small dark lantern. He said softly to Glossin, "Slip your shoes off and follow me." When Glossin was out of the door, Mac-Guffog, as if in the execution of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a prisoner within, called aloud, "Good-night to you, sir," and locked the door, clattering the bolts with much ostentatious noise. He then guided Glossin up a steep and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door of the condemned ward; he unbarred and unlocked it, and, giving Glossin the lantern, made a sign to him to enter, and locked the door behind him with the same affected accuracy.

In the large dark cell into which he was thus introduced, Glossin's feeble light for some time enabled him to discover nothing. At length he could dimly dis-

tinguish a pallet bed stretched on the floor beside the great iron bar which traversed the room, and on that pallet reposed the figure of a man. Glossin approached him. "Dirk Hatteraick!"

"Donner and hagel!" said the prisoner, sitting up, and clashing his fetters as he rose, "then my dream is true! Begone, and leave me to myself—it will be your best."

"What! my good friend, will you allow the prospect of a few weeks confinement to depress your spirit?"

"Yes—when I am only to be released by a halter!—Let me alone—go about your business, and turn the lamp from my face!"

"Pshaw! my dear Dirk, don't be afraid—I have a glorious plan to make all right."

"To the bottomless pit with your plans! you have planned me out of ship, cargo, and life, and I dreamt this moment that Meg Merrilies dragged you here by the

hair, and gave me the long clasped knife she used to wear—you don't know what she said. Sturm wetter! it will be your wisdom not to tempt me!"

"But, Hatteraick, my good friend, do but rise and speak to me."

"I will not!—you have caused all the mischief; you would not let Meg keep the boy; she would have returned him after he had forgot all."

"Why, Hatteraick, you're turned driveller!"

"Wetter! will you deny that all that cursed attempt at Portanferry, which lost both sloop and crew, was your device for your own job?"

"But the goods, you know"——

"Curse the goods! we could have got plenty more; but, der deyvil! to lose the ship and the fine fellows, and my own life, for a cursed coward villain, that always works his own mischief with other people's hands! Speak to me no more—I'm dangerous."

"But, Dirk—but, Hatteraick, hear me only a few words."

"Hagel! nein."

"Only one sentence."

"Tausend curses—nein!"

"At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch brute," said Glossin, losing his temper, and pushing Hatteraick with his foot.

"Donner and blitzen!" said Hatteraick, springing up and grappling with him; "you *will* have it then?"

Glossin struggled and resisted, but so ineffectually under his surprise at the fury of the assault, that he fell under Hatteraick, the back part of his neck coming full upon the iron bar with stunning violence. The death-grapple continued. The room immediately below the condemned ward, being that of Glossin, was, of course, empty; but the inmates of the second apartment beneath felt the shock of Glossin's heavy fall, and heard a noise as of struggling and of groans. But all sounds of horror were too congenial to

this place to excite much curiosity or interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, Mac-Guffog came—" Mr Glossin," said he, in a whispering voice.

" Call louder," answered Dirk Hatteraick.

" Mr Glossin, for God's sake come away!"

" He'll hardly do that without help," said Hatteraick.

" What are you chattering there for, Mac-Guffog?" called out the captain from below.

" Come away for God's sake!" repeated the turnkey.

At this moment the jailor made his appearance with a light. Great was his surprise and even horror to observe Glossin's body lying doubled across the iron bar, in a posture that excluded all idea of his being alive. Hatteraick was quietly stretched upon his pallet within a yard of

his victim. In lifting Glossin, it was found he had been dead for some hours. His body bore uncommon marks of violence. The spine where it joins the scull had received severe injury by his first fall. There were distinct marks of strangulation about the throat, which corresponded with the blackened state of his face. The head was turned backward over the shoulder, as if the neck had been wrung round with desperate violence. So that it would seem that his inveterate antagonist had fixed a fatal gripe upon the wretch's throat, and never quitted it while life lasted. The lantern, crushed and broken to pieces, lay beneath the body.

Mac-Morlan was in the town, and came instantly to examine the corpse. "What brought Glossin here?" said he to Hatteraick.

"The devil!" answered the ruffian.

"And what did you do to him?"

"Sent him to hell before me!" replied the miscreant.

"Wretch, you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue with the murder of your miserable accomplice!"

"Virtue? donner! I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver. Hark ye! let me have pen and ink, and I'll write an account of the whole to our house; and leave me alone a couple of hours, will ye—and let them take away that piece of carrion, donner!"

Mac-Morlan deemed it the best way to humour the savage; he was furnished with writing materials and left alone. When they again opened the door, it was found that this determined villain had anticipated justice. He had adjusted a cord taken from the truckle bed, and attached it to a bone, the relique of his yesterday's dinner, which he had contrived to drive into the wall at a height as great as he could reach;

standing upon the bar. Having fastened the nooze, he had the resolution to drop his body as if to fall on his knees, and to retain that posture until resolution was no longer necessary. The letter he had written to his owners, though chiefly upon the business of their trade, contained many allusions to the younker of Ellangowan, as he called him, and afforded absolute confirmation of all Meg Merrilies and her nephew had told.

To dismiss the catastrophe of these two wretched men, I shall only add, that Mac-Guffog was turned out of office, notwithstanding his declaration, (which he offered to attest by oath,) that he had locked Glossin safely in his own room upon the night preceding his being found dead in Dirk Hatteraick's cell. His story, however, found faith with the worthy Mr Skriegh, and other lovers of the marvellous, who still hold that the Enemy of Mankind brought these two

wretches together upon that night, by supernatural interference, that they might fill up the cup of their guilt and its meed, by murder and suicide.

CHAPTER XIX.

To sum the whole—the close of all.
DEAN SWIFT.

As Glossin died without heirs and without payment of the price, the estate of Ellangowan was again thrown upon the hands of Mr Godfrey Bertram's creditors, the right of many of whom was however defeasible, in case Henry Bertram should establish his character of heir of entail. This young gentleman put his affairs into the hands of Mr Pleydell and Mr MacMorlan, with one single proviso, that, though he himself should be obliged again to go to India, every debt, justly and ho-

nourably due by his father, should be made good to the claimant. Mannering, who heard this declaration, grasped him kindly by the hand, and from that moment might be dated a thorough understanding between them.

The hoards of Miss Margaret Bertram, and the liberal assistance of the Colonel, easily enabled the heir to make provision for payment of the just creditors, while the ingenuity and research of his law friends detected, especially in the accounts of Glossin, so many overcharges as greatly diminished the total amount. In these circumstances the creditors did not hesitate to recognise Bertram's right, and to surrender to him the house of his ancestors. All the party rushed from Woodbourne to take possession, amid the shouts of the tenantry and the neighbourhood; and so eager was Colonel Mannering to superintend certain operations which he had recommended to Bertram, that he removed with his family from Woodbourne to Ellangowan, although

at present containing much less and much inferior accommodation.

The poor Dominie's brain was almost turned with joy. He posted up stairs, taking three steps at once, to a little shabby attic, his cell and dormitory in former days, and which the possession of his much superior apartment at Woodbourne had never banished from his memory. Here one sad thought suddenly struck the honest man—the books!—no three rooms in Ellangowan were capable to contain them. While this qualifying reflection was passing through his mind, he was suddenly summoned by Mannering to assist in calculating some proportions relating to a large and splendid house, which was to be built on the scite of the New Place of Ellangowan, in a style corresponding to the magnificence of the ruins in its vicinity. Among the various rooms in the place, the Dominie observed, that one of the largest was entitled THE LIBRARY; and close beside was a snug well-proportioned

chamber, entitled, MR SAMPSON'S APARTMENT.—"Prodigious, prodigious, prodigious!" shouted the enraptured Dominie.

Mr Pleydell had left the party for some time; but he returned, according to promise, during the Christmas recess of the courts. He drove up to Ellangowan when all the family were abroad but the Colonel, who was busy with plans of buildings and pleasure-grounds, in which he was well skilled, and took great delight.

"Ah ha!" said the Counsellor, "so here you are! Where are the ladies? where is the fair Julia?"—

"Walking out with young Hazlewood, Bertram, and Captain Delaserre, a friend of his, who is with us just now. They are gone to plan out a cottage at Derncleugh.—Well, have you carried through your law-business?"

"With a wet finger; got our youngster's special service retoured into chancery. We had him served heir before the macers."

"Macers? who are they?"

"Why, it is a kind of judicial Saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a macer, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge."

"Very well!"

"Now, our Scottish legislature, for the joke's sake I suppose, have constituted those men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence."

"The devil they have? I should think that rather inconvenient."

"O, we have a practical remedy for the theoretical absurdity. One or two of the judges act upon such occasions as prompters and assessors to their own door-keepers. But you know what Cujacius says, '*Multa sunt in moribus dissentanea, multa sine ratione.*' However, this Saturnalian

court has done our business; and a glorious batch of claret we had afterwards at Walker's. Mac-Morlan will stare when he sees the bill."

"Never fear," said the Colonel, "we'll face the shock, and entertain the country at my friend Mrs Mac-Candlish's to boot.'

"And chuse Jock Jabos for your master of horse?"

"Perhaps I may."

"And where is Dandie, the redoubted Lord of Liddesdale?"

"Returned to his mountains; but he has promised Julia to make a descent in summer, with the goodwife, as he calls her, and I don't know how many children."

"O, the curlie-headed varlets! I must come to play at Blind Harry and Hy Spy with them.—But what is all this?" taking up the plans;—"tower in the centre to be in imitation of the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon—*corps de logis*—the devil!—wings—wings? why, the house will take the es-

tate of Ellangowan on its back, and fly away with it!"

"Why then, we must ballast it with a few bags of Sicca rupees."

"Aha! sits the wind there? Then I suppose the young dog carries off my mistress Julia?"

"Even so, Counsellor."

"These rascals, the *post-nati*, get the better of us of the old school at every turn. But she must convey and make over her interest in me to Lucy."

"To tell you the truth, I am afraid your flank will be turned there too."

"Indeed!"

"Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood upon a visit to Bertram, thinking, and deeming, and opining"——

"O Lord! spare me the worthy Baronet's triads!"

"Well, sir; he conceived that as the property of Singleside lay like a wedge between two farms of his, and was four or five miles separated from Ellangowan,

something like a sale, or exchange, or arrangement, might take place, to the mutual convenience of both parties."

"Well, and Bertram"——

"Why, Bertram replied, that he considered the original settlement of Mrs Margaret Bertram, as the arrangement most proper in the circumstances of the family, and that therefore the estate of Singleside was the property of his sister."

"The rascal!" said Pleydell, wiping his spectacles, "he'll steal my heart as well as my mistress—*Et puis?*"

"And then, Sir Robert retired after many gracious speeches; but last week he again took the field in force, with his coach and six horses, his laced scarlet waistcoat, and best bob-wig—all very grand, as the good-boy books say."

"Aye! and what was his overture?"

"Why, he talked with great form of an attachment on the part of Charles Hazlewood to Miss Bertram."

"Aye, aye; he respected the little god

Cupid when he saw him perched on the Dun of Singleside. And is poor Lucy to keep house with that old fool and his wife, who is just the knight himself in petticoats?"

"No—we parried that. Singleside-house is to be repaired for the young people, and to be called hereafter Mount Hazlewood."

"And do you yourself propose to continue at Woodbourne?"

"Only till we carry these plans into effect. See, here's the plan of my Bungalow, with all convenience for being separate and sulky when I please."

"And, being next door to the old castle, you may repair Donagild's tower for the nocturnal contemplation of the celestial bodies? Bravo, Colonel!"

"No, no, my dear Counsellor! Here ends THE ASTROLOGER."

THE END.